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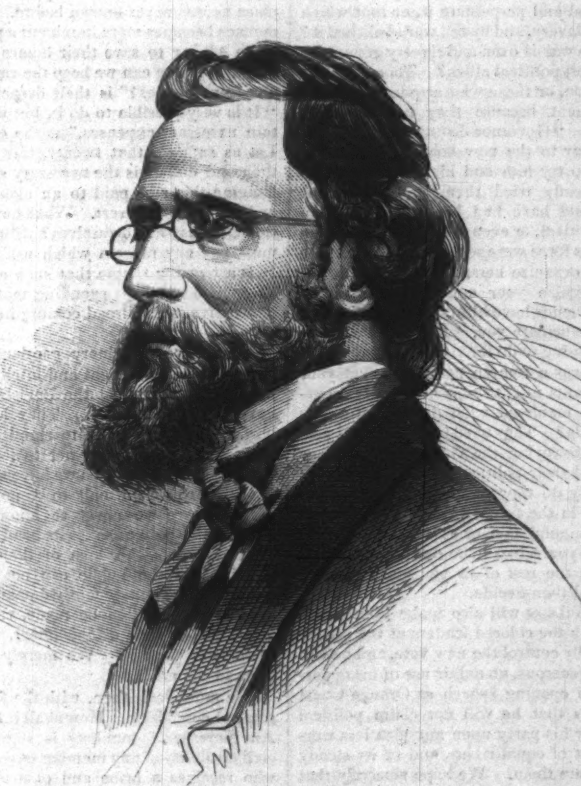
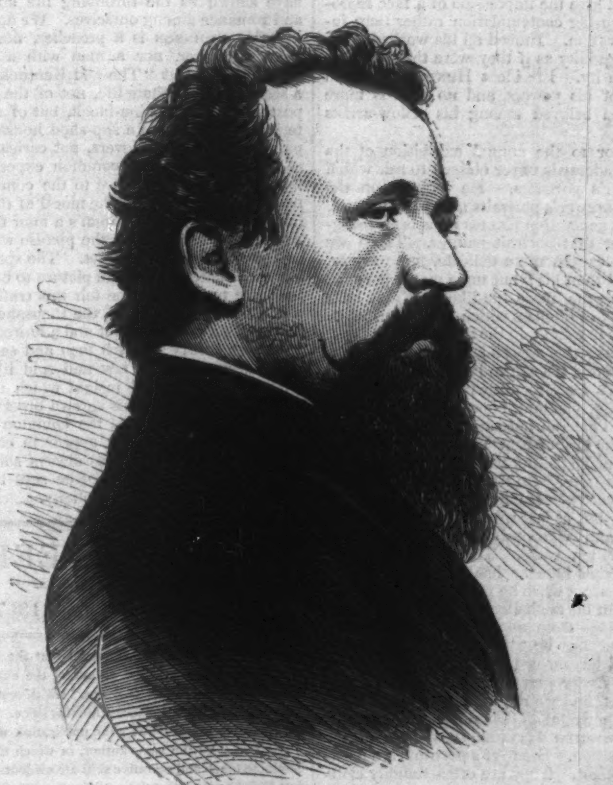


DANIEL HUNTINGTON, P.N.A.



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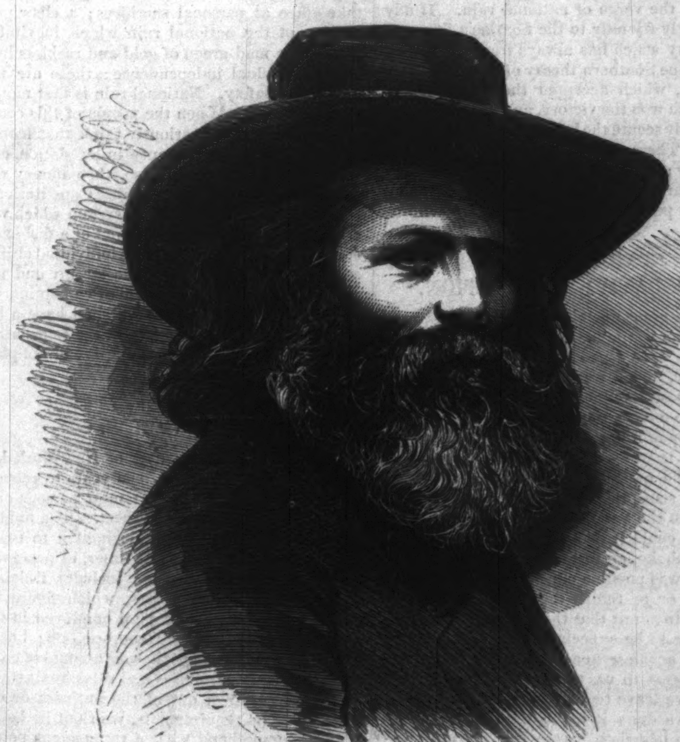
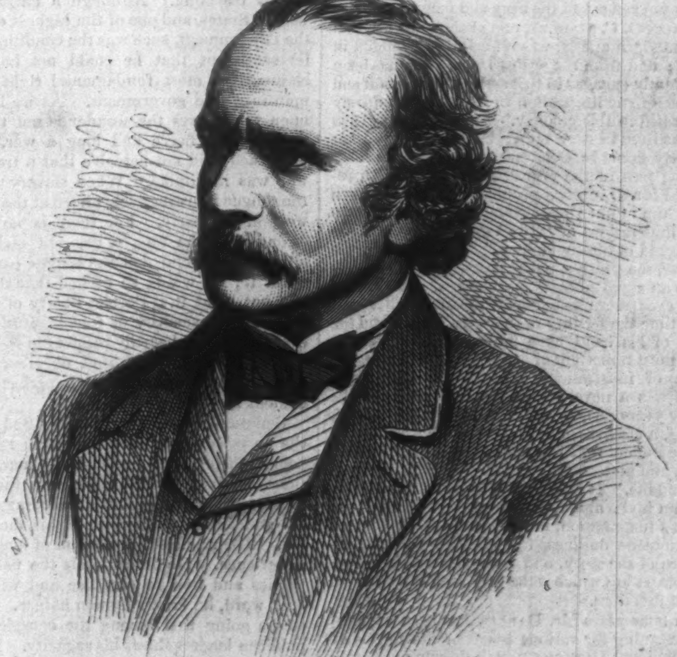


CHARLES ELLIOTT, N.A.



F. O. C. DARLEY, N.A.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Upon the first page of this issue we give portraits of four of the best known American artists, beginning with the President of the National Academy of Design.

Daniel Huntington was born in New York on the 14th of October, 1816, and he has always lived in the city except during his collegiate course and his visits to Europe. The tradition of the studios is that Elliott, the portrait painter, confirmed the young man's taste for the profession of painting which had been aroused in the studio of Trumbull, and borrowing Elliott's brushes Huntington began by painting the portraits of his college companions. In the year 1835 he entered the studio of S. F. B. Morse, then the President of the Academy, and for nearly thirty years Mr. Huntington's pictures have been familiar to the visitors of the annual exhibition. His versatility is remarkable. His chief talent is for portraiture, but the imposing landscape in the present exhibition shows that he does not shrink from entering the lists with Kensett, Church, and Bierstadt. In Mr. Huntington's two most celebrated pictures, "Mercy's Dream" and "The Republican Court," his best qualities are admirably exhibited. They have a sweetness and refinement, a conscience and care, which reveal the thoughtful student and the accomplished painter. His portraits sometimes lack fire and give the impression of a face reproduced by musing contemplation rather than incisive observation. Indeed all his works have a certain tranquillity as if they were the fruit of a serene maturity. President Huntington is in the prime of his powers, and no man is more honored and beloved among his fellow-artists than he.

The visitor to the annual exhibition of the National Academy is never obliged to ask which are Elliott's portraits. He looks upon the walls and Elliott's portraits assert themselves. Indeed for a generation Elliott has been recognized as our first portrait painter. There are heads upon canvas more delicate, more subtle, more refined than his; but none more vigorous, more picturesque, more life-like, and they have a rare felicity of likeness which is indescribable. He was born in Scipio, in the State of New York, in 1812. His father was an architect and not unnaturally wanted his son to be a country trader. But the son's taste for drawing was invincible, and the father, yielding, hoped to make him an architect. That did not satisfy the youth, and coming to the city of New York he studied with Trumbull and a painter named Quidor. Alas! who was Quidor? He tried portraits, but they did not succeed. He illustrated Irving and Paulding; but at last went into the interior of the State and vigorously prosecuted portrait painting for ten years. Then he returned to New York, and here he has lived and painted ever since, except when he goes to paint portraits elsewhere, for his unchallenged reputation brings him invitations from all parts of the country. Mr. Elliott has been always somewhat of a recluse, and has never traveled much except in Bohemia. Every year he paints some remarkable pictures, and we are glad to know that one of his most powerful and characteristic portraits, that of Fletcher Harper, has gone to the Paris Exposition. Elliott's portraits are dashing and brilliant. They are often roughly criticised for crudity and extravagance of color. But although like Gilbert Stuart he is fond of color, like Gilbert Stuart he is a master of color. Perhaps the secret of his great popularity as a painter is the vividness of his portraiture. The critics may call it a superficial likeness, but it is a likeness so graphic that it is saluted with an involuntary smile of recognition and pleasure. Then there is a magnetism in his portraits; an air of cheerfulness and high-spirits which is enlivening and delightful; and if his companions of other days still speak of him fondly as "Charley Elliott," it is because the boy's heart still beats unchanged in the busy and famous painter.

Felix O. C. Darley, one of the most original of American artists, was born in Philadelphia in 1822; and from the age of 15 or 16 he has been constantly engaged in that series of delightful and characteristic illustration in which he is entirely unrivaled in this country. Since the year 1848 he has lived in New York; but he has a pleasant country home in Delaware, to which he retires during part of the year. The works which revealed Mr. Darley's peculiar talent, and which gave him at once great popularity, were the outline illustrations of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The freedom, the humor, the pensive, poetic grace of these pictures were an equal surprise and delight. No author was ever more felicitously illustrated. From that time the fertility of the artist's fancy and the skill of his hand have been constantly tested. The most important of his works is, perhaps, the book of illustrations of Judd's "Margaret." This was a novel of remote New England life many years ago, written by the Rev. Sylvester Judd, a clergyman in Maine. It is well known to the students of American literature as a quaint, racy, and undoubtedly faithful picture of character and life. It is, indeed, a romance, a tragedy, and an idyl; and appealing most strongly to the artist's imagination, he reproduced it in a series of exquisite outlines, full of the spirit and romance of the story, and touched with that indefinable pathos which is the very atmosphere of the life it describes.

In later years Mr. Darley has been engaged in designing for various issues of the novels of Cooper and Dickens, and in drawing vignettes for bank-bills. But he has also exhibited several drawings of scenes in the Revolutionary War, and in the rebellion, which have all his peculiar excellence. There is a certain mannerism in Darley's drawings, which, except that it is a mannerism, is not displeasing, while their freedom, spirit, vigor, humor, and grace, all steeped in the indefinable charm of genius, will be very sure long to preserve them in hearty admiration.

Eastman Johnson made himself famous among our artists by his picture of "The Old Kentucky Home;" and the talent which that work revealed has constantly sustained itself in the pictures which have followed it. The "Kentucky Home" was as unique among our pictures as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" among our stories. Here was the great tragedy of our national life, with countless passionate and poetic aspects, teeming with every kind of inspiring subject, and our moral pusillanimity was such that Literature and Art avoided it, and "society" made it impolite to allude to it. Even Hawthorne, the great romancer, gravely said that American life was monotonous, and afforded no fine contrasts of light and shadow such as imaginative literature required. Year after year the Academy walls were covered with "Portrait of a Lady," "Portrait of a Gentleman," "Haying," "The Chemunk Meadows at Twilight," "Cedric the Saxon and Gurth the Swineherd," "Mary," "Luther at Wittenberg," "The Sword of Bunker Hill," "Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn and Mary Queen of Scots: A Reminiscence"—every time, every country, every event, every history, every tragedy and romance except our own. Mrs. Stowe broke the spell in literature. Eastman Johnson broke it in art. He and the war have shown us the throbbing life and passion and romance among ourselves. We do not mean that Mr. Johnson is a preacher, nor an anti-slavery lecturer, nor a man with a conscious "mission." But "The Old Kentucky Home," a scene of Slave State life, not of the whipping-post nor of the auction-block, but of a quiet interior, of the edge of a slip-shod household, of a pair of young negro lovers, not caricatured, but of a kind familiar to common experience, admitted the prescribed race to the common sympathies of humanity. The moral of the picture, instinctively felt, was a man's a man for a' that. The human romance of the picture was as pure as that of Romeo and Juliet. The spectator felt it. The better he saw the picture to be as a picture, the more deeply he felt this truth; and he asked, and every man of the thousand generous and thoughtful who saw it and admired it asked, In what country are such men and such women made brutes by the law and sold like swine? The imagination and insight which the picture showed in the artist, his shrewd observation, his reliance upon truth and the common aspect of life, are qualities which appear in each of his successive works. He has always something to say in all his pictures, and he says it with delightful directness and simplicity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 4, 1867.

☞ It is very well understood that the daughter of Charles Dickens is the author of the charming little tale, "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," which our readers will remember in these pages a few months since. We begin in this Number of the *Weekly* the publication of "Mabel's Progress," by the same author, in which the same fine feminine touch and narrative skill are evident. The opening Number launches the reader upon the full stream of interest, as he will find upon trial.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

The departure of Senator Wilson upon a political tour through the Southern States is one of the little events which mark great changes. Seven years ago it is safe to say that the Senator's life would have been in danger had he attempted to express his views of public affairs to audiences in the region in which he is now traveling. Although a citizen of the United States, and one of the highest officers of the Government, such was the condition of public sentiment that he could not have safely claimed the most fundamental right of every man in a free government. As we look back upon those days the wonder is not that there has been so fierce and long a war, but that every body did not perceive that a tremendous war was inevitable. When slavery struck at the tongue it instinctively aimed at the strongest weapon of liberty. For there is no chain so strong that the tongue can not melt it; no abuse so reverend that the tongue can not unmask it; no wrong so wicked that the tongue can not right it. Perfect liberty of speech is the cardinal security of free institutions; and every man who heartily believes in them echoes Jefferson's doctrine, that no error is to be feared so long as truth is left perfectly free to combat it.

Senator Wilson is especially fitted to secure the purpose of his visit. A plain man of the people, of profound political and moral convictions, he instinctively appeals to the popular heart and sympathy. His reasoning is simple, his statements are lucid, and his tact admirable. Then he has the wisdom of long political experience. He understands the necessity of parties and how to organize and wield them. In a word, he knows human nature. The fact of his going first among the conspicuous Republican leaders shows his sagacity. He knows that all the advantages of party organization at the South lie with his opponents. He knows how skillful the Southern leaders are, and that they will not fail to turn every thing to account in order to obtain the control of the new vote in their States. He has read the speeches of Wade Hampton, Herschel V. Johnson, Governor Orr, and the rest, and he sees in them all a harmony of tone which is very suggestive. He knows that the new voters will hear nothing from such speakers which is favorable or even just to the party which controls Congress and the country. It will be represented to them as designing, avaricious, and unjust. The orators will appeal to the love of home and birth-place; to familiar associations; to community of interest. With an adroitness inconceivable in any but the most accomplished of politicians, they will say with Herschel V. Johnson at Augusta, "At any rate give to the race against whom it is sought to array you a fair trial." Can we believe that this is a Southern master speaking to the slaves of yesterday?

This is all in accordance with the theory of President Johnson and many others, that the new vote will be entirely controlled by the late masters. But Senator Wilson knows that a very few words will state the case as it really is, yet that unless those words are spoken every where and often the voters will be grievously misled. There are two parties in the country, he will tell them, and which of them is your friend? Is it the one which has always striven for equal rights, or that which has denied them? Is it the one which clung to slavery, and made war to extend and perpetuate it, or that which condemned slavery, and by the war abolished it? Now that the war is over and slavery gone, who are your wisest political allies? Those who enfranchised you, or those who acquiesce in your enfranchisement because they can not help themselves? "Governor Johnson," Mr. Wilson might say to the new voters in Augusta, "asks you to try him and his friends. Have you not already tried them? If Governor Johnson could have had his way would you have had political, or even civil, rights? If the United States force were removed, and the State were left to organize herself, would he and his friends recognize your equality as citizens? He and his friends have hitherto always had the power to emancipate you. Did you ever hear of their proposing to do it? On the other hand, when there was a remote possibility that your late descendants might somehow legally recover their lost manhood, what did Mr. Johnson and his friends? They tried to destroy that possibility by destroying the Government. They have misused their political power in the past; what security do they give you that they will not abuse it in the future? You ought not to cherish revengeful memories; still less ought you to allow yourselves to be deceived. Equal citizens with the rest of us you must know all the facts, and then decide.

Senator Wilson will also make himself acquainted with the colored leaders at the South, who will really control the new vote, and he will make no ungenerous, no unfair use of his opportunity. His opening speech at Orange Court House shows that he will not claim political sympathy for his party upon any plea less worthy than that of equal rights, and of its steady effort to secure them. We hope sincerely that some of the more conspicuous of the Southern orators who are disposed to accept the new order of things will meet him in debate, to show if they can why they themselves, or any others in their States, who really believe in the fundamental principle of popular government, should repudiate the party which is identified with its assertion, and support a party which has opposed it to the verge of national ruin. If any party is truly friendly to the Southern States it is that party which has always frankly opposed in debate the Southern theory of society and of the Union, which accepted the war when it came, which won the victory, and which will unquestionably secure the legitimate results of that victory. There is no other way of national tranquillity; and as the Republican Union party was the war party when war was unavoidable, so it is the peace party now that peace is to be confirmed.

LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

It was a great mistake of the Union League Club to send to the State Senate its resolutions insinuating that there was corruption in the Legislature, and it was a great mistake in the Senate to lose its temper when they were sent. The whole object of the resolutions was attained by publishing them as the voice of the Club. If it were thought desirable to bring them to the notice of the Senate they should have been sent privately to each Senator. Being sent to the Senate and read in open session, what could it do? The resolutions were simply a rebuke, an insinuation, and an appeal. No action was possible except to lay them upon the table or to return them. Not to return them was to admit that they might be true. Is any Senate to be expected to convict itself by silence or acquiescence? It would have been best, it seems to us, to decide that the Club should have leave to withdraw its resolutions, but to have done it without calling the Club "notorious lobbyists," as Senator Sessions did; or the resolutions "a studied insult," as Senator Collins described them; and without demanding that they be spurned, as Senator H. C. Murphy would spurn a pestilence, which was the course recommended by that Senator.

The Senate of New York was well and worthily defended by Senator White; and a wholesale charge of corruption against a body of which such men as he are members is mere folly. But the Senate, of course, knows that every body knows that the Senate knows that the air is thick with this talk of venality in the Legislature, and that it is expected the Constitutional Convention will supply some remedy. Indeed nobody, probably, will deny that the pressure of business upon the Legislature is overwhelming; that the most important bills are rushed through at the last moment without any consideration or even knowledge of them upon the part of members; that the most outrageous jobs are constantly presented in the form of bills, and that they are passed or defeated only by the most enormous expenditure of money. These are undeniable facts.

Even the honestest men are made parties to the corruption. Let us, for instance, suppose a project, which is very common at Albany, to devastate any part of the city. Quiet gentlemen who "hate politics," and groan under the immoral practices of politicians and the horrible tyranny of the city taxes, suddenly hear rumors of a railroad making straight for their front-doors. Such a calculating and measuring of distances and probable lines takes place as was never known before. And as the menace becomes more imminent a party of them fly to Albany to save their homes from demolition. "How can we keep the railroad out of our front entries?" is their desperate inquiry. "It is very possible to do it, but there are certain necessary expenses," is the quiet answer. Let us suppose that twenty, thirty, forty, fifty thousand dollars is the necessary sum. Let us imagine this sum paid to an agent or agents, and the bill put to rest. What have these gentlemen to say for themselves? Simply that they must pay any ransom which robbers demand. It is a burning shame that such a bill can not be defeated without spending money; but the alternative is a railroad coming in at the front-door.

Now these imaginary gentlemen who are among the most upright and intelligent citizens have really corrupted the Legislature. They have paid black-mail. They have made it harder for honest men to stand their ground hereafter. Ought they not to let us know to whom the money, which we have supposed, was paid? Are we not only to be no safer but no wiser? Are we never to know any thing? The pensive public shakes its head at the crimes of its servants. Which of them? Where? How? But the public can not answer. If Senator White indignantly demands that some kind of specification be made, the New York *Times* replies with astonishment, "How can a newspaper specify? We merely echo the rumors in the air."

We must deal, then, with the fact of known general corruption. How shall it be remedied? An increase of numbers is suggested. The civil disability of any member of the Legislature who receives a bribe and of every body who offers it is proposed. The representation of the minorities is recommended. These are all ingenious devices, and they may all be of some service. But the great remedy is of another kind, for it is moral. A purer public opinion; a refusal to submit to exactions even if refusal be very costly; a relentless exposure of persons and attempts; a willingness of good men to take office at personal sacrifices; a clear perception of the national ruin which inevitably follows the mad greed of gold and reckless luxury; individual independence; these are the amulets of safety. National ruin is first moral, then material. When the people of this country or of this State seriously think that money is the sole efficient influence in legislation, and when it actually becomes so, then money will not save us. The most cunning Constitutional Convention can not devise a system which will create an honest government out of a dishonest community. Every thoughtful individual citizen of the State must set his face sternly and unswervingly against every form of corruption direct or indirect, and then we shall have a beginning of reform. Howling at the Legislature for corruption and then bribing it will not purify that body.

DRY GOODS.

The Dry Goods business of New York has grown within the past fifteen years to proportions far in excess of what most persons outside of the trade would suspect. The annual transactions may safely be estimated to reach an aggregate, in prosperous times, of 500 millions of dollars. This sum includes freights, duties, and other expenses, which figure up nearly one-half. The capital employed in the actual business is about $100,000,000; but if we take into the account the vast amount of money invested in warehouses and other real estate, which have grown out of the business or are devoted to its requirements, we shall be better able to comprehend what a tremendous power the Dry Goods interest is.

When Alexander T. Stewart erected his extensive warehouse on Broadway and Chambers Street the enterprise was regarded as something stupendous, and far beyond the possible requirements of the age. The building itself, architecturally considered, was palatial in comparison with its contemporaries. As late as 1852 it was, we believe, the only marble structure on Broadway. Indeed, with the exception of a few granite buildings, all the shops and stores were simply of brick and wood. To-day elegant structures of marble, stone, and iron extend for miles on both sides of the street in almost unbroken line. A great proportion of these are representatives of the Dry Goods interest. Many of them (including STEWART'S new block on Tenth Street) surpass the STEWART'S of the earlier period in size and magnificence. And yet the great bulk of the mammoth warehouses that adorn our city are not found on Broadway. They stand in solid and substantial masses on nearly all the cross streets from White Street to Bowling Green. Church Street and vicinity, which, five years ago, was a collection of indifferent and dilapidated houses, is now the centre of the Dry Goods interest. It is the Dry Goods business *only* which is represented in the many magnificent piles of marble and freestone that make that locality conspicuous for architectural grandeur. If Mr. STEWART was ahead of the times in 1849, he is now fairly rivaled by more than one of his competitors. It is only by taking the evidences before us that we are enabled to realize the wonderful progress and present extent of a business which exercises no small influence upon the financial world. In precarious times like the present much depends upon the soundness and stability of the Dry Goods trade. It has power to keep the financial scales in equipoise, or to permit them to vibrate violently under the pressure and alarm of a panic. We owe the comparative ease of our money market to-day in a great measure to the solvency of our leading Dry Goods houses, and the caution with which their business is managed.

The Dry Goods trade is peculiarly liable to vicissitudes of fortune. Never very profitable—realizing no more than 10 per cent. net in the most prosperous times—it has this season suffered (in common with other trades) the effects of a long period of monetary derangement. Expenses are so enormous, competitions so great, and stagnation in business every where so general, that it is very doubtful if any individual house will be able to show a profit at the end of the fiscal year. We have sufficient authority for stating that the trial balance-sheet of one of our wealthiest Dry Goods concerns, just made out, shows a profit of precisely *eighty cents* for the current year. One very extensive clothing house, whose sales in flush times used to reach $8000 or $10,000 per day, took in just $25 in one day of last week. These are specimen bricks. Even the heaviest concerns are doing only a hand-to-mouth business, which is, perhaps, a good indication—better than if business was recklessly "rushed;" but the whole result is unsatisfactory, especially to importers. Fortunately the merchants can live for a time upon past accumulations, and will thus be able to get through until better times return.

The business of the season may be summed up briefly: Desirable goods of all descriptions command a ready sale at fair prices; while past styles are in overstock, and must be sacrificed if sold. For instance, in Bleached Cottons no large lots are selling. Leading styles, like the New York Mills and Wamsuttas, are in demand at full prices, and sell close to production; medium grades, of marks less favorably known, are in larger supply; low grades are at low rates. The market for brown standard sheetings is a little soft; sales that are made in more than from one to five-bale lots are at a decline. Woolens are inactive. In fine goods of desirable styles there is a little demand for the immediate trade; goods of this grade only can be placed at current rates; low and medium are in overstock, and can not be sold at any advance above the earlier spring rates. The expectations of higher prices that were based upon the increased tariff rates have not been sustained. Manufacturers who have been holding are consequently disappointed; parties were willing to buy at early prices, especially satinets, but would not pay the extra charges. American delaines opened in the spring at 28 cents, and have declined to 23 cents. Desirable styles of prints sell freely at good prices; but past styles have been pressed on the market at a considerable decline. The same may be said of imported fancy dress goods, which were purchased in large quantities under anticipation of a large Southern demand; but expectations have not been realized. Some stocks have been closed out at auction at 13¼ @ 15½, the same having been held by agents through the season at 20 cents. Silks are at some decline from early spring prices. Linen goods for men's wear are freely offered at some concessions. There have been some very large sales. At a recent offering by auction several unsuccessful efforts were made to work off the goods at reasonable prices, and the sale was postponed. In flannels nothing is doing at this season, except to replenish assortments.

It may be safely said that the business generally is in a healthy condition; although rumors of extensions still continue to float about. There is no disposition to speculate; and transactions are limited to wants for actual consumption. There is very little paper of jobbers out. There have been no failures in the city, except of small concerns. Indeed, the safety of the small fry rests upon the stability of the large houses, which enjoy unlimited confidence. In the country there have been some considerable pecuniary losses; but the general condition is favorable to future improvement. There is less anxiety among the trade than there was a fortnight ago.

GOVERNOR EYRE.

GOVERNOR EYRE has been acquitted by a bench of Shropshire magistrates in England, and we doubt if an English jury will find him technically guilty of murder. But the Commissioners sent out to examine the case reported that, in their judgment, GORDON had been wrongfully put to death, and for that death EYRE was directly responsible. Of his moral guilt there will, we are very sure, be little difference of opinion hereafter.

It is well to remember the facts. "GORDON was seized in a district in which martial law did not prevail, and was carried into one where it had been proclaimed; he was denied legal assistance on his trial; nearly all the evidence against him was inadmissible on the ground that it was merely hearsay, while the rest was of the most frivolous description; the execution took place after Mr. EYRE had declared the rebellion to be crushed, and it was subsequently justified by him, not so much as an appropriate punishment for crimes which had been committed, but as a means of striking terror and of averting a danger which, by his own confession, had at the time passed away." Moreover, his own letters and dispatches reveal feelings which wholly disqualified Mr. EYRE from impartially judging the case of GORDON. This is the man of whom THOMAS CARLYLE writes, "He is a just, humane, and valiant man; faithful to his trusts every where, and with no ordinary faculty of executing them." But hereafter will CARLYLE'S praise make any man seem more praiseworthy?

We presume that the sympathy of certain distinguished persons in England has been expressed for Governor EYRE less because of any accurate knowledge of the facts than of the feeling that it was necessary to sustain authority, even if arbitrary, in the repression of rebellion, and also of a strong impression that even if he had made a mistake he had not committed murder. Something also must be allowed for admiration in a certain class of British minds of what is called pluck, and distaste in the same minds for "sentimentalism."

But the discharge of the bench of Shropshire Squires does not discharge Mr. EYRE at the bar of public opinion and history. Whether his offense was the result of animosity or terror it was none the less an act which permanently tarnishes his name, and the disgrace should remind every British Governor and every officer intrusted with powers of life and death that there is a justice which no money nor fame can bribe, and against which even honored names plead in vain.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

THE ocean telegraph is an exceedingly tantalizing institution. It brings us, for instance, a bare statement that Mr. GLADSTONE has resigned the leadership of the Liberal party in England, and there leaves the matter, without even an abstract of his letter. But private and public advices show the great and probably irreconcilable differences of opinion in the Liberal party which have led to this result, to which the daring and extraordinary tactics of DISRAELI, the Tory leader of the House of Commons and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have so largely contributed. A year ago the Tory party scoffed and sneered at Mr. GLADSTONE'S Reform Bill. Now they are led by DISRAELI to the support of one which is wider in its application and results. The objectionable points of it, however, were skillfully indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE. Especially he exposed the iniquity of the dual voting system—the point upon which we said, two weeks ago, that we hoped the bill would be defeated. But when Mr. GLADSTONE'S eloquent assault was spent Mr. DISRAELI rose quietly and withdrew the objectionable part of the bill. Indeed, he so modified his proposition that it wholly changed character, and as the Liberal party were not agreed upon a principle in the matter, but argued the question merely upon details and expediency, the skillful Tory leader, by disregarding the principle of his party, has been able to meet them upon their own ground and turn against them their own weapons.

It is plain that if, as JOHN BRIGHT says, there are five millions of unenfranchised Englishmen, and Mr. GLADSTONE offers to enfranchise five hundred thousand of them and Mr. DISRAELI six hundred thousand, and both disclaim any other consideration than present expediency, Mr. DISRAELI'S bill will naturally confuse and demoralize Mr. GLADSTONE'S Liberal followers. While, on the other hand, if the GLADSTONE proposition is suspected by the Tories to be a mere entering wedge, they will readily support Mr. DISRAELI'S, although it enfranchises more, if it will serve to keep him in power, whom they can not suspect of advancing except under a spur. If, as Mr. GLADSTONE insists, it be desirable to increase the franchise by five hundred thousand, it can not be dangerous to add another hundred thousand, if the government remains in conservative hands; and since we must have an increase, argue the Tories and timid Liberals, it is better to have it under Conservative auspices.

The anomaly of a more liberal Reform Bill passed by the Tories naturally demoralizes the Liberal party, composed as it is of men of such very different views as LOWE, GLADSTONE, MILL, and BRIGHT. The cardinal difficulty will probably prove to be that in a debate upon the mere expediency of reform it is impossible to show that the increase of voters proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE would remedy any existing evil or satisfy the popular demand. Then under the pressure of the inevitable question, What then are we contending for? the unity of the Liberals has given way. If Mr. GLADSTONE stood upon JOHN BRIGHT'S ground of manhood suffrage, and the Liberal party supported him, he would be as strong as ever, whatever the tactics of DISRAELI might be. But the GLADSTONE platform is too vague. He would enfranchise every body who is personally competent, and whose enfranchisement is not politically dangerous. So would I, Mr. LOWE might reply; but to enfranchise any more is to endanger the balance of classes, and therefore it is the chief of political perils.

We await the details of the political situation in England with great eagerness. The European complications are such that the attitude of England may become very important. If there is to be war between France and Prussia, it is hardly possible that, an English princess being the wife of the next king of Prussia, a Tory government in England should not sympathize with the cause of Prussia; and in that sympathy they could count upon much of the most decided liberal sentiment of England. We do not, however, regard Mr. GLADSTONE'S present resignation of the leadership as a virtual retirement from the ministerial succession. Certain personal traits, a fastidious refinement, an extreme sensitiveness, a quick temper, and impetuous action, disqualify him in a degree for a post which demands absolute imperturbability of temper and speech. But we must not forget that Sir ROBERT PEEL, who seemed in this respect an ideal party chief, could not always help wincing under the terrific assaults of his opponents; and that during the corn-law debates he actually charged Mr. COBDEN with inciting attempts upon his life. No party in any country is so rich in leaders that it could afford to lose so thoroughly-trained and able a man as Mr. GLADSTONE.

OUR NEIGHBOR MEXICO.

A FRIENDLY offer of mediation in wars is always honorable, and at the last moment of the late extra session of the Senate Messrs. SUMNER, HENDERSON, and JOHNSON proposed a friendly mediation to terminate the civil war upon terms honorable to both sides, and to procure for MAXIMILIAN and his followers, upon condition of his abdication, the treatment of civilized warfare. This mediation has been sought by Austria, for the Austrian Government, knowing probably how it would be likely to deal with foreign pretenders to the Austrian throne, has evidently suspected that there might be summary work with the Archduke if he fell into victorious Mexican hands; and therefore, through its Minister in Washington, asked our Government to interfere for mercy.

Mr. MORTON is reported to have opposed the proposition, when offered in executive session, upon the ground that MAXIMILIAN was a mere filibuster in Mexico, like WILLIAM WALKER in Nicaragua; that he came to Mexico in defiance of our known policy, and at a time when we could not wisely protest; and that the object of his coming was the erection of an empire under auspices hostile to this Government. It was for him, therefore, to count the cost of such an enterprise; and to intercede for him would be a reflection upon the humanity and sagacity of the Mexican Republic, which must be supposed capable of dealing with pirates of every degree. If, indeed—for such is the scope of Mr. MORTON'S argument—we propose to ask England not to be severe with convicted Fenians, then we may consistently ask Mexico to be gentle with MAXIMILIAN.

It is argued upon the other side that we have virtually taken Mexico under our guardianship, and that our moral resistance to the French and Austrian invasion led to its failure; that having practically destroyed the imperial government, it is our duty to establish the republic; that our diplomacy and moral aid, and even a loan and our army, should be employed to restore order and law.

But this would clearly be a departure from the celebrated Monroe doctrine, upon which our entire Mexican policy is founded. That doctrine distinctly repudiates all internal interference whatever. It consists in warning off European powers from this continent. When France came, therefore, we told her that we were displeased, and we said so more and more stringently until she retired. Then our duties under the celebrated Monroe doctrine were at an end. For thirty years Mexico has been boiling and bubbling, and we have held our peace. The celebrated Monroe doctrine does not require us to keep order in Mexico, and certainly no other international law or custom demands it.

It is very plain, therefore, that we must resolve either to manage Mexico as we choose, or to let her manage herself. To do the first is to do just what we have denounced France for doing; to do the last is to treat Mexico precisely as we treat all other independent nations. There is no middle course. Upon proper occasion, indeed, as now, we may respectfully request her Government to favor this or that policy; but if there be any menace in the request it is merely a first act of aggression. It may be very doubtful what will be the result of the present situation in Mexico. It may fall again into the anarchy with which it has been so long familiar. But if it becomes necessary that we should undertake the police of that country, it is desirable that we should do a great deal more.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

THE extra session of the Fortieth Congress closed on Saturday, April 20. The business transacted, outside of that of the ratification of the treaty with Russia, was of minor importance, embracing principally the confirmation of various appointees to civil and military offices.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The New York Legislature adjourned at midnight on April 20, after a session of one hundred and ten days. The work accomplished by it has not been of the most important character.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

Ulysses S. Grant, Edwin M. Stanton, and John Pope were subpenaed on April 16 to appear before the Supreme Court at Washington on the first Monday of December next to answer to the bill of complaint of the State of Georgia.

The Tennessee State Conservative Convention was held in Nashville on April 16. The representation of negroes was very small, only six being present. Speeches of a most violent character, denouncing Congress and the Radical party and applauding the Confederacy, were delivered. Emerson Etheridge was nominated for Governor.

The Virginia State Republican Convention met in Richmond, on April 18, for the purpose of forming a Republican party in the State, the majority of the delegates consisting of colored men. A permanent organization was agreed upon, and officers were elected.

A meeting of Radical freedmen was held in Mobile, on April 17, at which resolutions were adopted demanding for the black man the right to hold office and sit on juries.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of whites and blacks took place at Petersburg, Virginia, on April 19, when resolutions of a conservative character were adopted and speeches of a similar character were made.

THE INDIAN WAR.

Affairs on the plains were assuming an interesting phase on April 22. General Sherman had arrived at Leavenworth, Kansas. General Augur was about to move westward from Fort Phil Kearney with six thousand men. Eleven thousand Indians were encamped between Forts Kearney and Smith waiting until grass to commence hostilities, and General Hancock's expedition was in distress at Fort Larned, being unable to move for want of forage. The General held a council of war with the Cheyennes at that place on April 13, in which he plainly notified them of what they were to expect if they disturbed the trains crossing the plains. On the night following the tribe disappeared, abandoning their village. General Custer with his cavalry went in pursuit. Several days later (April 21) the Sioux Indians held a council with General Sully at "California Crossing," and promised to keep the peace. A union of the Sioux and Cheyennes for warlike purposes was anticipated.

Two young girls were carried off by Camanche Indians from the vicinity of Fredericksburg, Texas, several months ago. One of them was murdered on the road, the other, after suffering terrible privations, was only released lately on payment of a ransom.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE war rumors from Prussia and France continue; and the Luxembourg question is still the most important of Europe. Napoleon is rapidly strengthening his forts and reinforcing his forces on the Rhenish frontier of France; his artillery has been placed on a war footing; ambulances have been purchased, and it has been proclaimed that the reserve *corps* of the Empire is to be called out on the 1st of May. All that is positively known is that Napoleon continues his preparations, and that King William of Prussia on April 17, in closing the North German Parliament, made a speech which "excited distrust throughout Germany."

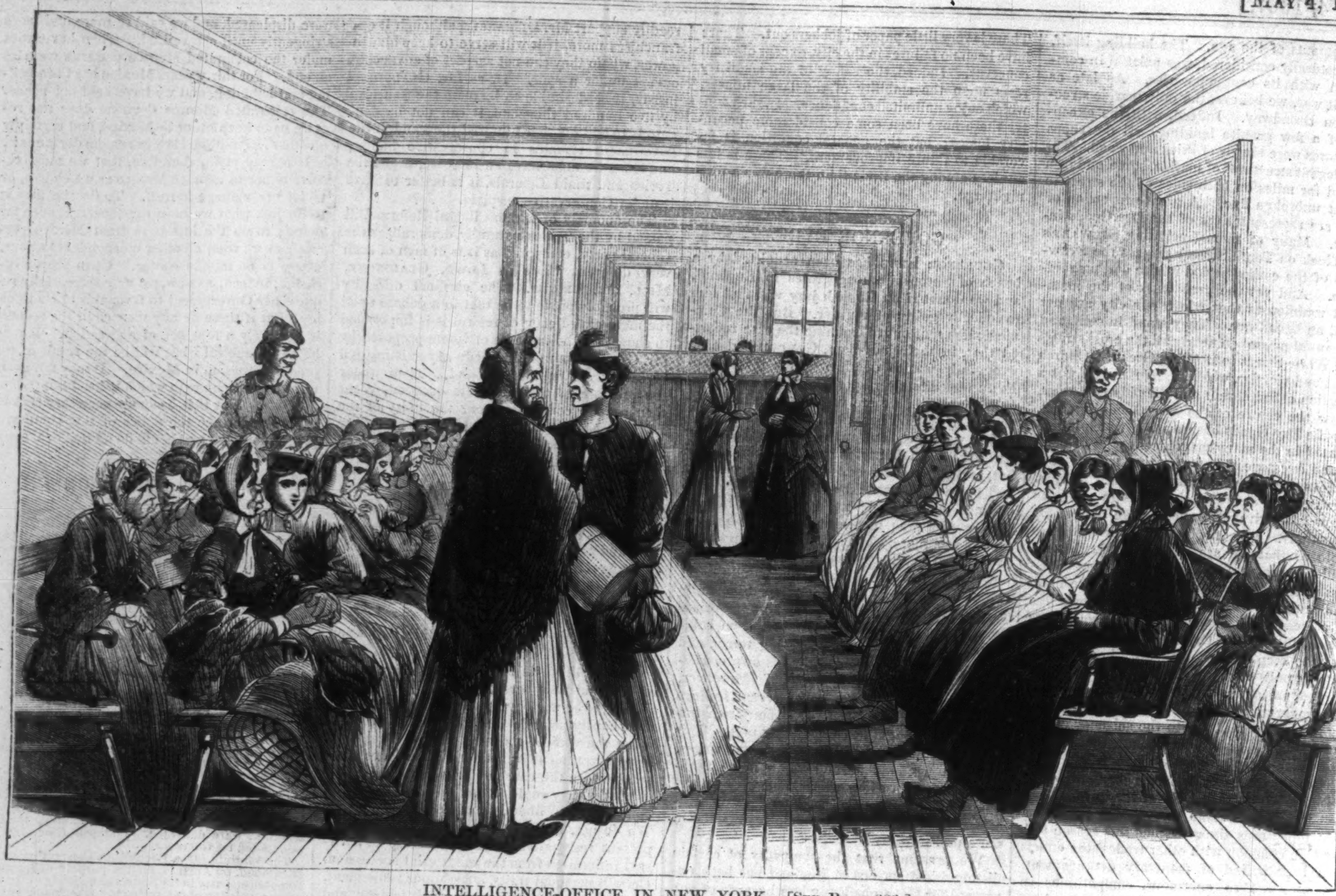
The new Constitution, as framed by Bismarck (erroneously reported adopted on March 27, only three clauses having been accepted), was finally adopted, after many amendments and radical changes, on April 16. One of the most serious of these amendments placed in the hands of Parliament absolute control over *all* instead of the merely *indirect* taxes, as Bismarck had proposed. Subsequently serious opposition was manifested toward the Military budget submitted by Bismarck; and it came near being defeated. It was, however, adopted with the Constitution on April 16, but so bitter had the opposition to it become that on its adoption the Polish members of Parliament protested and resigned their seats.

Mr. Gladstone, on his defeat on the amendment to the Derby Reform Bill, April 12, resigned the leadership of the Opposition or Liberal party; and John Bright, of course, succeeds him.

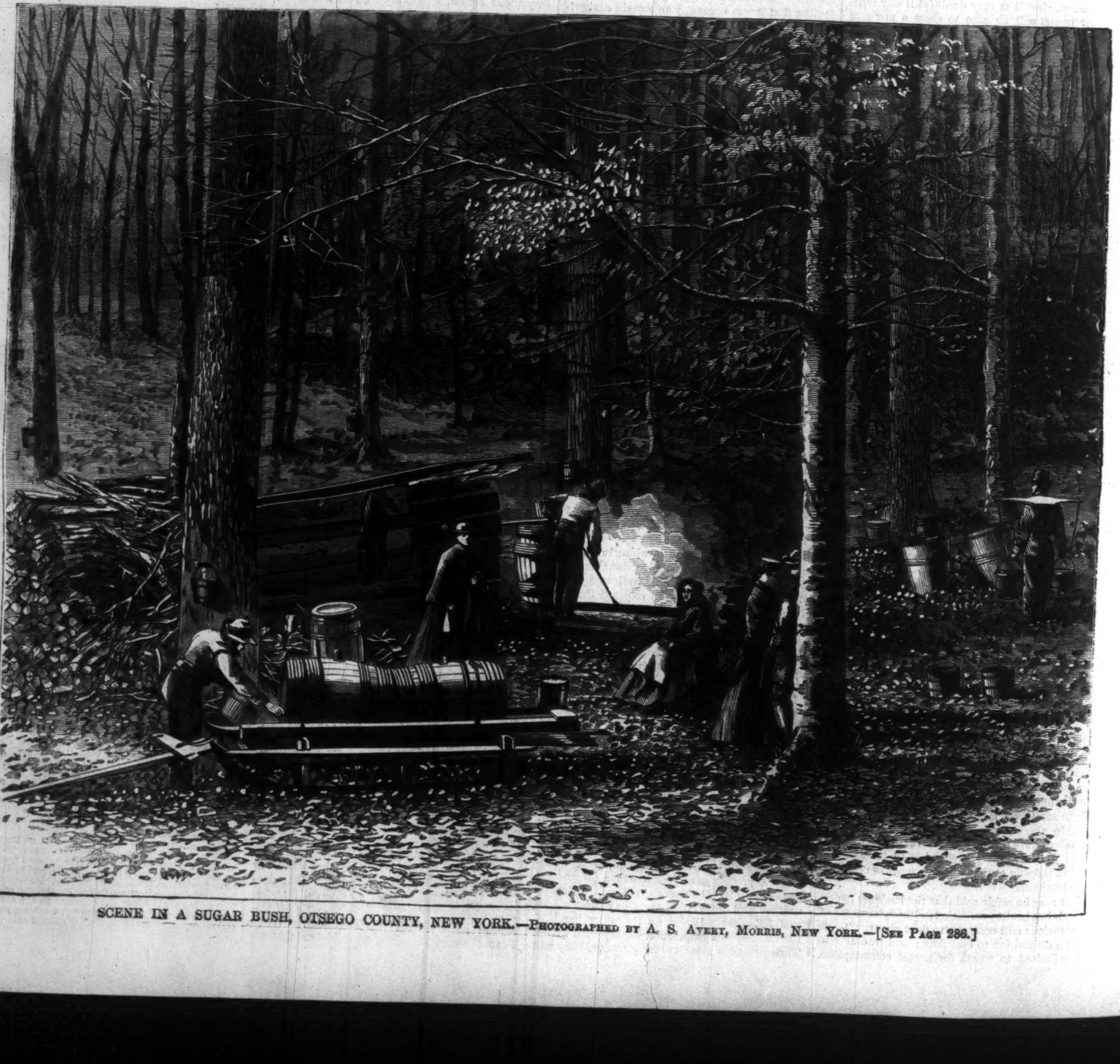
News from Vera Cruz, Mexico, to April 5 confirms the reports of the starving condition of the besieged troops and citizens. Puebla was captured by the Liberals under Proferio Diaz on April 2. Maximilian's offer of surrender was rejected, and he returned to the city of Mexico. Juarez had given orders that all captives should be treated with "the consideration due to unsuccessful valor."

Rumors were current at Havana, April 10, to the effect that the steamer *R. R. Cuyler*, having become a Chilean privateer, had captured the Spanish steamer *Montezuma*. The *Concepcion*, one of Admiral Nuñez's Spanish fleet at Santiago, had left that port for some purpose unknown, but presumed to be a search for the missing vessel of her captor.

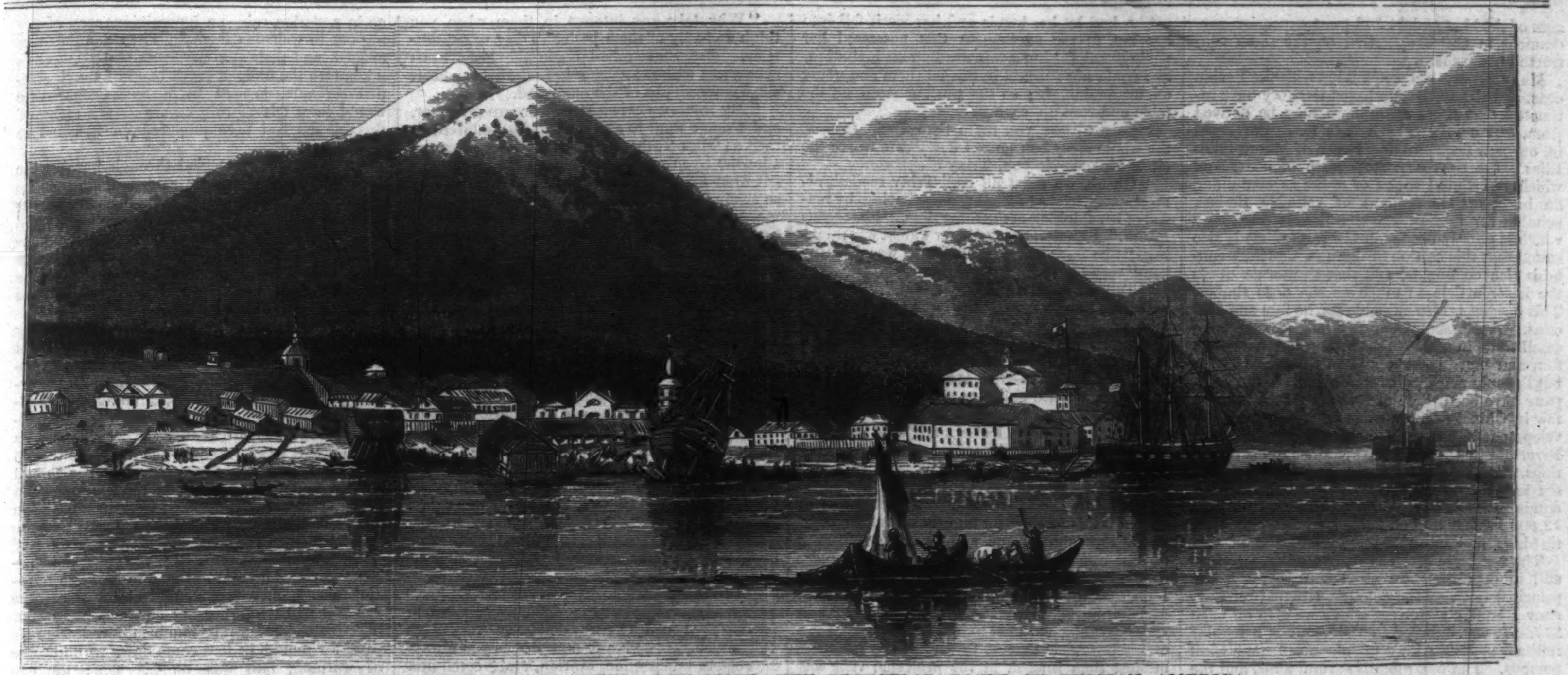
Jamaica advices to April 4 state that no President of Hayti had up to that time been selected. The full-blooded negroes demanded an Executive of their own complexion, physically and politically, and had agreed upon Soulouque, the former Emperor. He was to have left Jamaica for Port au Prince on the 22d of April. The ruling party favor amendments to the Constitution involving a general amnesty, a strong national guard, and a general reduction of official salaries and war estimates.



INTELLIGENCE-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



SCENE IN A SUGAR BUSH, OTSEGO COUNTY, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY, MORRIS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

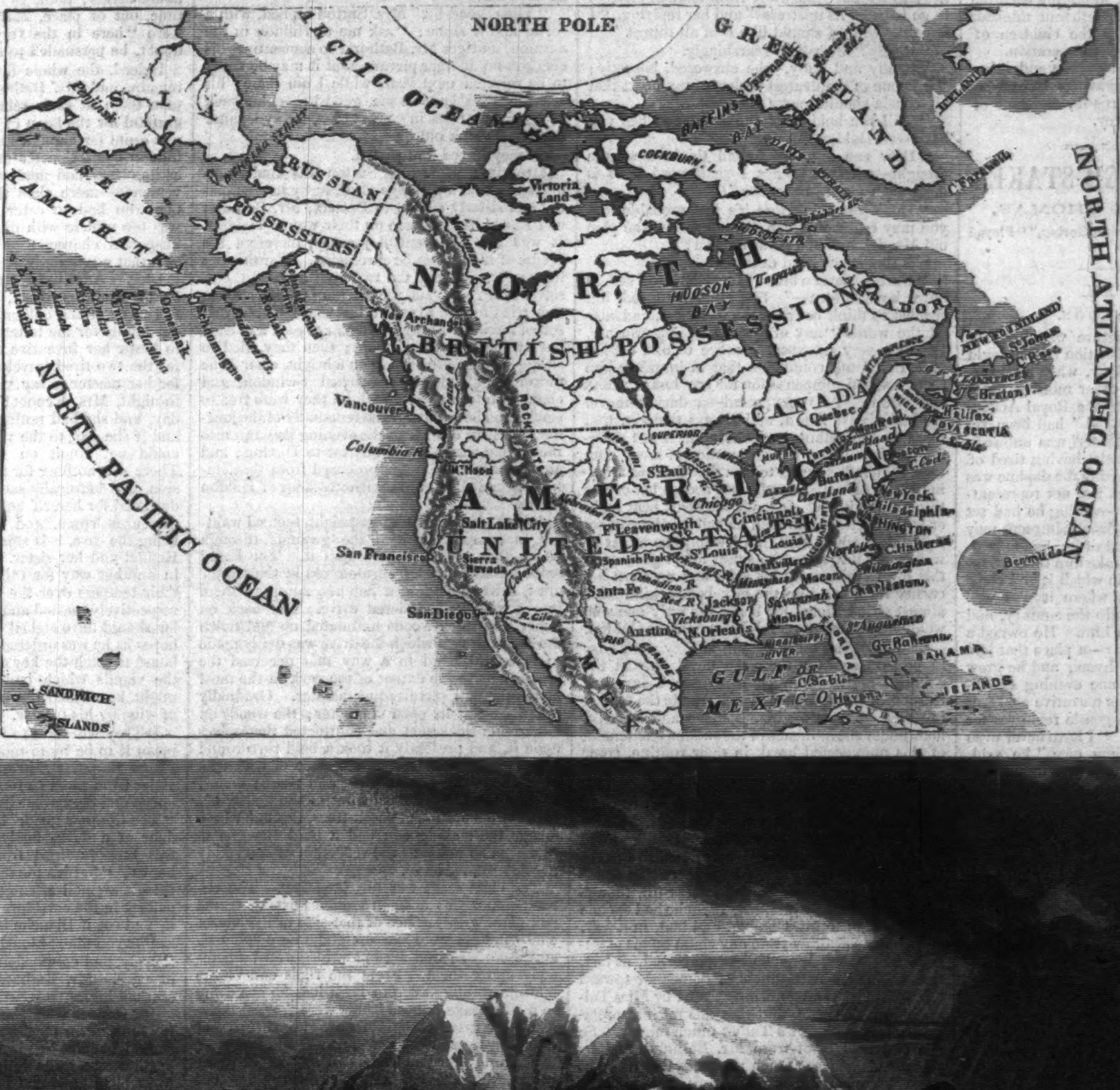


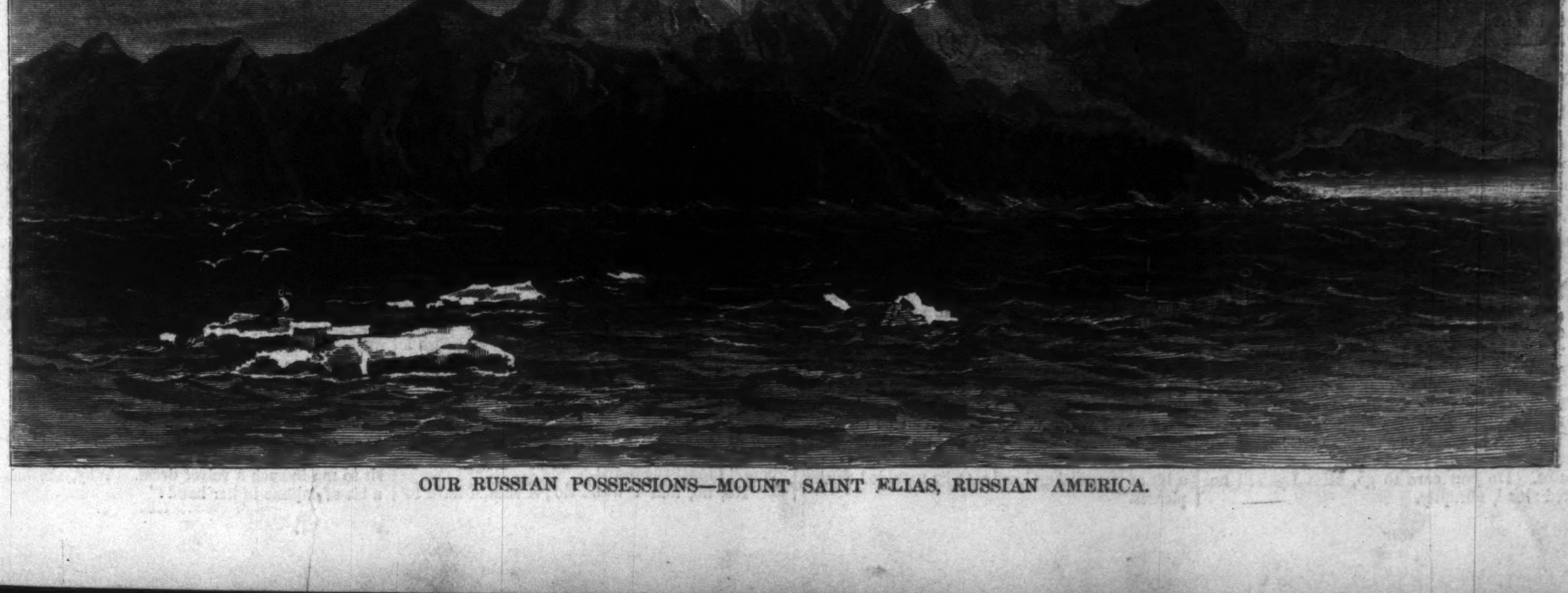
OUR RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS—NEW ARCHANGEL, THE PRINCIPAL TOWN OF RUSSIAN AMERICA.

OUR RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, on March 30, communicated to the Senate, in executive session, a treaty with Russia, by the terms of which that power ceded to the United States, in consideration of the sum of seven millions of dollars, the whole of its possessions on this continent; and the Senate, on April 9, ratified the treaty.

The extent of our new possessions in the "Far Northwest," as compared with the rest of the continent, will best be seen by a glance at the Map which we herewith present to our readers; their value is another question. The area is computed at 481,276 square miles—about three times the extent of the New England and Middle States combined, ten times larger than the State of New York, and nearly twice the size of Texas. Its entire population, however, is not more than sixty or seventy-five thousand (five-sixths Esquimaux), or about the same as that of the District of Columbia, which has an area of sixty square miles. The agricultural productions, trade, etc., of the country, like its population, are ridiculously disproportionate to its area, the former comprising principally icebergs and snow-drifts, and the latter amounting annually to considerably less than the "Goshen butter" or "Queens County milk" trade. Some idea of the character and appearance of the country may be gathered from the picture which we give on this page of Mount Saint Elias. This peak is situated at the southeastern corner of the main land which has been purchased; and the whole country to the north of it is hardly less bleak, cold, and desolate in appearance. Mount Saint Elias has an elevation of 17,900 feet, and is the highest mountain in North America, so that we can now boast of possessing the highest mountain, the longest river, the largest lake, the greatest extent of coast, and the largest number of "Indians not taxed" of any country on the upper half of the continent, to say nothing of our other minor advant-


NORTH POLE
ARCTIC OCEAN
GREENLAND
BAFFINS BAY
COCKBURN I.
Victoria Land
ASIA
SEA OF KAMTCHATKA
RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS
NORTH BRITISH POSSESSIONS
HUDSON BAY
LABRADOR
NEWFOUNDLAND
CANADA
Quebec
Halifax
NOVA SCOTIA
New Archangel
Vancouver
Columbia R.
L. SUPERIOR
St. Paul
Chicago
Toronto
Buffalo
Boston
Cleveland
New York
Philadelphia
Cincinnati
WASHINGTON
St. Louis
Louisville
Norfolk
C. Hatteras
Nashville
Wilmington
Charleston
Memphis
Macon
Savannah
Jackson
Mobile
Vicksburg
N. Orleans
NORTH AMERICA
UNITED STATES
Salt Lake City
Ft. Leavenworth
San Francisco
Sierra Nevada
Santa Fe
San Diego
Austin
RIO GRANDE
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
Havana
BAHAMA ISLANDS
Bermuda
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
SANDWICH ISLANDS



OUR RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS—MOUNT SAINT ELIAS, RUSSIAN AMERICA.

ages of the biggest debt and most expensive government in active operation on the same contracted hemisphere.

Many persons well acquainted with the Pacific coast and the newly-purchased territory have intimated that great advantages may be derived from, and a very considerable trade developed in, our new acquisitions. South of Mount Saint Elias there runs a narrow strip of coast-land which is believed to be of value as containing an inexhaustible amount of valuable timber, suitable for houses, ships, railroads, etc., and which is greatly needed in California. It is also stated that this section of the new Territory contains rich coal-fields, and that California needs the latter article as much as she does timber. This district is also valuable for its furs and fisheries. A Russian Company has carried on a small trade in seal, sea-otter, land-otter, beaver, fox, and martin skins, and in fish, since 1799; but the only markets heretofore open to the Company have been those of Russian America and a few in China. These trades therefore need development just as much as that of the Columbia River did in 1812 when Astor began his operations. The Russian Company in 1839 had thirty-six hunting and fishing stations, and exported annually about 10,000 seal skins, 1000 sea-otter, 12,000 beaver, 25,000 land-otter, fox, and martin skins, and about 20,000 sea-horse teeth.

The head-quarters of this Company, which is still in operation, are at New Archangel, the principal town of the country, situated on Baranov Island, a picture of which we give on page 277. It was founded in 1805, and is a regular military station, with a population of some 1500 persons. The fort mounts several guns, and the Fur Company likewise employ some twelve vessels, of from 300 to 400 tons, mounting each ten guns. A Greek bishop and Lutheran minister reside there, and schools for the children of Europeans and half-breeds are in operation.

We are indebted for the sketches and lithographs from which our engravings have been made to Mr. George Davidson, assistant of the United States Coast Survey.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

DOWN AT HALDON.

Mr. Lionel Talbot's picture was hung in the middle room in such a situation that it could be seen even on the first of May, when a rapturous sense of art and a few other motives urges every one in London to go to the Royal Academy. "The Battle of the Bards" had been rejected; and "Venus and Hörsel" was unfinished, in consequence of the artist having tired of that type of beauty, since the day the daphne was picked up. So Mr. Bathurst was not represented at that year's exhibition—a thing he had set his heart upon being. The disappointment may seem slight to those who read of it; but in reality it was strong enough to make him take a temporary dislike to the scenes in which it had come upon him, and the haunts where it was well known. He wanted to go into the country, and he wanted Lionel to go with him. He owned a place away in a far-off county—a place that had been left to him by old Mr. Lyon; and he grew eloquent upon its delights one evening at Edgar Talbot's, interspersing his narrative concerning it with soft regrets and gentle remorses for having neglected it so long. "I have never even seen it since it has been my own," he said. "Now I want a place to hide my diminished head in, I remember that there is 'no place like home.' I have given Lionel a full month to go and study the works of his contemporaries—a euphemism for going day after day and gazing fondly at his own pictures—even his insatiable vanity must be satisfied, so I shall drag him with me."

The faces of all his auditors underwent considerable changes of expression as he spoke. They were still—though going out more than they had done at first—leading a comparatively quiet life. The presence of these two young men had come to be considered the brightest element in it.

"How we shall miss you, Lionel!" Beatrix exclaimed, quickly.

"And how we shall envy you both!" Blanche Lyon added, hastily.

"I wish some one would drag us all away for a week or ten days," Edgar Talbot put in, wearily. June came fraught to him with no breath of roses and murmur of gurgling streams, but only with much additional dust and lassitude. "I never felt any thing like the heat in the city to-day; you fellows are lucky to be able to get out of it."

"Lucky indeed, Mr. Talbot." Mrs. Lyon spoke with a sort of ill-used tone—an expression of being debarred by perverse fate from all such delights as the country in June.

"Why can you not all come and stay with us?" Frank Bathurst asked animatedly of the whole group. "Miss Talbot! do say you would like it; your roses want renovating. I speak as an artist, not as a man, you know! Get your brother to agree to it; the change would do them all good—wouldn't it, Lionel?"

"I hardly know," Lionel answered, abstractedly. He had caught Miss Lyon's eager, hopeful glance, as it rushed out to search for acquiescent looks. "It's not that she cares much for Frank's society," he thought; "perhaps she wishes to see the place of which she might have been mistress—of which she may be mistress still, if she pleases. Do you care to go, Miss Lyon?" he asked aloud, abruptly.

She had let her hands and her work fall into her lap, in the excitement that possessed her while Frank Bathurst was wording his invitation. She could not succeed in raising them and going on untremblingly; so she put her work on the table and rose up, saying:

"Care to go! yes, more than I can say—if the whole party can go. I don't care to see the circle broken—do you, Trixy?"

"Oh no, we must all go," Trixy replied, almost unconscious of what she was saying, by reason of her thinking at the same time, "She means Frank." Simultaneously Edgar Talbot was thinking, "She means me;" and Lionel was thinking her "very lovely."

"Talbot! we wait your decision," Mr. Bathurst said, anxiously. "Let us all go down and take possession of Haldon to-morrow; or Lionel and I would go to-morrow and prepare all things for the reception of the ladies and you the day after; say—shall it be so?"

"Why, we are going to the Opera the night after," Mrs. Lyon suggested, in accents in which the mingling of many feelings might be detected. The poor lady disliked packing, and liked being a martyr, and was therefore "pleased, yet sad," to find that fate had again interposed that slight obstacle the Opera. But Mr. Talbot swept it away: it was enough for him that Blanche wished for the country, and wished for his presence there. She should have both.

"We will go if the rest like the plan as well as I do," he said, cheerfully; and after that there was no mistake about it. Blanche Lyon was very charming and kind to him for the rest of the evening. Assurance as to her having no other interest than himself in the projected visit was made doubly sure by his saying to her, "What if Trixy should come away from Haldon pledged to go back as its mistress?" and her replying, "I hope she will—I should like it of all things."

"Really?" he asked, searchingly.

"Really and truly," she answered, honestly; "it is one of the dearest wishes of my heart that my cousin should marry your sister."

"Will you hold the same language when you have seen Haldon?"

"How can I tell? I shall think the same thought—whether or not I shall word it so is more than I can answer for."

"Don't you think that it's just probable that you may regret that you did not follow the plan old Mr. Lyon chalked out for you?"

She shook her head decidedly.

"Never—never a bit. If I had done so I should never have known—" She almost stopped, but seemed to think better of the weakness, and added the words "any of you," blushing warmly. It was a very unexpected move to him on her part, this frank confession that in knowing him there was full compensation for any loss of riches and power. An unexpected—a daring move. He had always heard, and always thought, that there was something unfeminine in a girl meeting a man half-way in a declaration of love. But now, though it seemed to him that she was meeting him half-way, he could not accuse her of any thing unfeminine. It made his heart beat higher with a better hope than he had ever known before, this thought, that in a few days he might be wandering through some sunlit forest glade with this lovely woman by his side, and no stern necessity for going into the city before him. He almost pitied Lionel for being the only one who would be without a special object down at Haldon.

The following morning, while they were busy in preparations for their ten days' stay in the country, Mrs. Sutton came to see Trixy, and learned the move that was to be made the following day. The two girls, Blanche and Beatrix, had, under the influence of the sudden excitement of this unexpected break in their routine, come to rather a fairer understanding than was usual with them. It had flashed upon Trixy with an almost blinding light that Blanche was truthful in the sort of affectionate indifference she professed for Frank Bathurst. They both guarded their respective secrets jealously; and so neither liked to speak openly to the other about that which was nearest to the other's heart. Still, though this reserve was maintained, Blanche had spoken of her cousin to Miss Talbot, and had, in a way, seemed to withdraw from any claim on his attention. In short, Blanche had perceived, at last, that her frank friendliness of demeanor toward her cousin was being misinterpreted by Miss Talbot into a flirtation, and that this misinterpretation was causing Miss Talbot much misery. So she had held aloof from Mr. Bathurst, and by this means had got much nearer to Beatrix, who was consequently ill-disposed toward having Miss Lyon's motives and manners underrated by Marian.

"I am not surprised at any thing Edgar does," Mrs. Sutton said, sweetly. "It may suit him to be considered eccentric—madmen never do get such hard measures dealt to them as sane ones when their schemes fail and look black; but you! what makes you anxious to adorn Miss Lyon's train when she goes husband-hunting?"

"Really, Marian, I can not agree to such things being said of Blanche—you quite misjudge her."

"Do I?" Mrs. Sutton replied, mimicking her sister's earnestness. "Perhaps I misjudged her when I found her flirting violently with my husband in the Grange garden?—asking him 'to take her part against his wife,' and fooling him because there was no one else to fool."

"I can't believe it of her."

"Well, dear," Mrs. Sutton said, pathetically, "I only hope that when you have a husband she won't quite poison his mind against you; but those frank women who express the liking they have so very openly, that 'there can be no guile in it,' innocents think—don't I know them well? are they not dangerous? Frank Bathurst is just a bit of wax in her hands, to be moulded as she pleases."

"Why take any interest in them when you think so badly of them both?" Trixy urged, bitterly. Mrs. Sutton had made the girl's heart ache again with the hardest ache the human heart can know—doubt of the one loved.

"My interest is vicarious: you are my sister, and I don't want to see you left in the lurch, either as Miss Talbot or Mrs. Bathurst, through Blanche Lyon's machinations. I shall never forget what I felt that day when I heard her talking so shamefully of me to Mark—actually traducing me to my own husband?" (Mrs. Sutton improved this episode, it may be mentioned, each time she reverted to it.) "Think what it would have been, Trixy, if I had married him for love!"

"I really can't think, Marian," Trixy said, dejectedly. "I am quite tired of thinking about it; and let her take Mr. Bathurst in Heaven's name," she added, suddenly; "I want none of them."

"Exalted sentiment that you will desert, it strikes me, if 'one of them' wants you, Trixy; if I were you I would just bear in mind what I said to you once about men with those heavenly blue eyes and their powers of falling in love with every lovable earthly creature they meet, accept the fact, marry him, and make the best of it!"

"Perhaps I should, if I were you," Trixy replied, and then Mrs. Sutton got up to go away, remarking sweetly, that, "It was no wonder Trixy got cross about it—why didn't she make a stand against that Lyon companionship at once and forever!"

"Because I have nothing to say against her," Trixy answered, plucking up a small spirit at parting; "because I really do like her very much—so much that I hate to hate her as you always succeed in making me, Marian, and—come now—because I think she likes my brother as well as he likes her."

"Then, good-by," Mrs. Sutton replied, with a shrug and a smile; "ask me to Haldon in the autumn, and get Mr. Bathurst to concentrate his energies on another picture, that it may be ready to be rejected next year, while I am there; his attentions rather bore me, good-by—come back with brighter roses in your cheeks, Trixy—pallor makes you look old."

So they kissed and parted.

Meantime, while Mrs. Sutton was kindly employed in making things pleasant by her sympathy and sisterly advice to Beatrix, Mr. Bathurst and Lionel Talbot were on their way to Haldon. It was not an eventful journey, therefore the events of it need not be chronicled. For the first hour of the journey the two men amused themselves over *Punch* and the morning papers. Then they tried to talk to each other, and failed by reason of having nothing particular to say, and each having much to think about; then they tried to sleep—a futile proceeding on a bright, clear June morning. Then they reached Swindon, and changed into a carriage where they were free to smoke and be happy for the remainder of the journey. At six o'clock in the evening they ran into the station that was the nearest to Haldon; and at half past seven a fly, procured from that station, rumbled up to the entrance-door of Haldon House.

It was a house that, at first sight, seemed wanting in comparison with the grounds through which they had driven to gain it. The broad stone-bastioned gates, surmounted by the Lyons' crest, a hand holding a hatchet, admitted them into a wide turf-bordered drive. Far back on either side thick woods undulated up and down the hills through which the drive was deftly made to turn and bend in a way that deceived the stranger as to the extent of the park in the most honorable and picturesque manner. Gradually this drive lost its open character; the woods on either side thickened and contracted themselves upon it, and presently it took a bold turn round a precipitous bank, down the slope of which an impetuous little rill gurgled, and passed under, along up to the principal front of the house, between two fine rows of beech-trees, through whose foliage the sinking sun had a hard struggle to cast even so much as the reflection of one ruddy ray upon the ground.

The chief front was not imposing. The entrance door was a small Gothic mistake in the flat, plain, gray surface of that side of the house. The windows were narrow and unornamented, and there was nothing but arid gravel immediately under them. From the right end of the house a rolling sweep of lawn led the eye away to a silver lake, whose banks were fringed heavily with a great variety of flowering shrubs and drooping trees, every graceful twig and flower of which was reflected vividly in the limpid water below. To the left a high wall, running out straight from the house to a length of about one hundred feet, inclosed the fruit and vegetables. And further away still, on the same side, a winding path, bordered with blocks of stone and huge trunks of trees, whose rugged surfaces were rendered beautiful by being covered with creeping plants, led away to the stables and out-buildings. In spite of that severely plain, sombre-looking front, there was both beauty and grandeur in this house, to which Mr. Bathurst brought his friend for the first time—the house that might have been Blanche Lyon's.

He had never been to Haldon since it had been his own, and now he was surprised to find how different an aspect it assumed to that it had ever had before. The sense of possession brought out all his powers of appreciation as he drove along the avenue and finally stopped at the door. Feeling elated, it was only natural to Frank Bathurst to give voice to his elation. "I wish I had let you come alone to prepare for them, Lionel!" he exclaimed, as he got out and turned his eyes on the lake. "I should like to have come down with them. I should like to see what they will think of it all as they come up."

"Can't you do that as it is? Go to meet them," Lionel suggested.

"No, no, that I won't do; I should have to go in a station cab—an ignominious way of going out to welcome them." Then the door was opened, and their portmanteaus and themselves taken into the hall; a small band of much-startled servants, headed by a housekeeper who would have felt more pleasure at the sight of them if she had been prepared for it, came to meet them.

"The serfs are not glad through Lara's wide domain," Frank Bathurst said, laughing, as he went with Lionel into a room that the housekeeper declared to be the only one fit for use. "It will do very well," he added, turning to that potentate. "Mr. Talbot and I want nothing better until to-morrow; to-morrow we have a large party coming down, and then I should like the house to be in order."

This expression of his hopes brought a terribly long explanation upon him; but Frank Bathurst was one of those good-natured men who can listen to an "o'er-long tale" with a smile and a certain air of interest, even satisfaction. Mrs. Kennet had few servants, as he knew; the establishment had been greatly reduced at her old master's death. "It was fortunate—she would venture to say that it was very fortunate—that she should happen to have her sister in the house just at present; her sister had lived cook in more than one place where they was that particular that she saw no fear of the dinners being satisfactory." Then another fortunate fact made itself known—her "sister's husband chanced to be there too—and (a still more providential circumstance) he chanced to be a butler out of place." In fact, luck seemed to be very much in Mr. Bathurst's path, for though he had come down without note of warning, fate was on his side; the two daughters of Mrs. Kennet's sister, both of them house-maids; both, by a strange freak of fortune, out of place, both pearls of great price, were "here in the very house, and might, no doubt, be persuaded to remain."

Indeed, the whole family were persuaded to remain, and Mr. Bathurst had every reason to take them at their relative's valuation, and be grateful for the boon of their services. Haldon was quite far enough removed from every other human habitation for an unexpected raid, such as its owner had made upon it, to be an inconvenience—more than that, a difficulty—to the one who had to cater for him. Mrs. Kennet was too replete with dignified sense of her own unspotted character as a manager to make a sign that might indicate a doubt before her young master. After putting the state of the household before him impartially, and making him feel the full force of the obligation he owed to fate and her family for the latter being there—she retired to bestir her inventive faculties about a dinner for the two tired travelers. It was all very well for her master to say "Any thing will do for us to-night, Mrs. Kennet;" but this was Wednesday, and she had nothing in the house for him, and if she sent to the village (two miles off) she could not count on getting any fresh meat. There was nothing for it but to rise to the occasion, and heroically sacrifice the supper she had designed for herself and her friends to the hungry, unwelcome, and unexpected ones. This being the case, it is small wonder that both Mrs. Kennet and her sister, who had to cook it now in another way for other lips, should have lost their tempers over the chicken and rabbit they respectively roasted and curried—or that the butler should have sighed over the vanity of earthly hopes as he was ordered away to the land-bailiff's house to fetch the key of the cellar, in order that the viands which had been designed for him might be washed down with generous draughts of wine by his master.

"They will have to work to get the place as I mean it to be by to-morrow night, won't they?" Frank Bathurst said to Lionel, as they strolled about from room to room, and marked the desolation and decay that had come over every thing. "The library's good," he continued, opening the door of a dark, finely-proportioned room that was literally lined from floor to ceiling with books; "but it's too dull to venture in to-night; there's a small attempt at an ancestral portrait gallery in the corridors; shall we go and look at it, and see if Blanche is like any of them?"

"If you like," Lionel answered, turning round sharply, and commencing the ascent of the stairs at once. Mr. Bathurst followed more slowly, still talking.

"I wonder what she will think of it all, Lal? it will be queer for her to come here and feel that she might have had it all if she hadn't been such a chivalrous little thing that she couldn't stoop to seem to fawn and flatter the poor old fellow. Not much—these pictures, are they? might be better lighted too, eh? Every one of them got in Wardour Street," he continued, lounging along in front of them with his hands in his pockets, giving a careless glance at each as he passed; "it's utterly impossible that Lely could have painted every one's great-great-grandmother, you know; no, not one of them a bit like Blanche. I shall get her to sit to me when she comes down, and give her portrait the place of honor in the gallery; in fact, I have a great mind to clear out all these and hang the Battle of the Bards here—fill the gallery with my own works. I'm not a Lyon, so I'm not bound to respect these shams; I'll hear what Blanche says about it."

"She'll weed out a few of them willingly, I fancy," Lionel replied, when Frank Bathurst ceased speaking at last; "but only transparent shams—any that are good she will give the benefit of the doubt."

"That's a good pose," Frank said, suddenly stopping before the portrait of a lady, and then stepping back to get a better light on it. "Look, Lal! there is something in that!—three blues—fillet, dress, and shawl all different shades—yet harmonizing perfectly; I should like Blanche to sit to me in such a velvet dress. Why, she has a bit of daphne in her hand!"

"And what of it?" Lionel asked, indifferently. He thought the picture superb in coloring and composition; but he was tired of hearing Mr. Bathurst's artistic plans relative to "Blanche," and the daphne said nothing to him.

"It's about the most extraordinary coincidence I ever heard of," Frank muttered, as he tore himself away from the contemplation of the picture at last. Then he went on to wonder what Blanche would think when he showed her the picture, and her bright glance fell on the flower the lady held. Would it speak touchingly, thrillingly to her, as it did to him? Then there darted through his mind a conviction that every thing was tending toward the desirable end of Miss Lyon having what would have been her own had she not been obstinate. He—the happy possessor—was magnanimously ready to love and marry the woman who pleased his taste better than any other whom he had ever seen. She, judging from the daphne incident, was equally ready to love and marry him. Even the weather seemed likely to favor the wooing—how could the latter but speed fast and favorably in such leafy glades as were around on every side, under the clear blue sky and the warm, bright sun of June?

So he thought, as he walked lightly along, whistling a waltz, to join Lionel, who was standing looking rather dull at the end window. It struck Mr. Frank Bathurst as he came up that there was something rather inconsiderate and ill-timed in Lionel looking dull or feeling dull, when he (Frank) was just realizing how very happy and prosperous he was. The view of his own pleasant lands—the prospect of his own future bliss—the thought of the rich reward he was contemplating bestowing upon worthy beauty—were one and all such enlivening considerations that he felt Lionel to be wanting, in that he remained uninfluenced by them. A friend who showed himself slow to rejoice, whether he saw cause for it or not, when Mr. Frank Bathurst rejoiced, was not a friend exactly after Mr. Frank Bathurst's heart. "What's the matter with you, Lal," he asked, languidly, as Lionel continued to gaze gloomily out of the window; "are you thinking that this part of the country will do as well as Wales for the sketching tour in August? I am."

"No," Lionel replied; "I was thinking that perhaps we all work the same mine, rich as it is, too freely; I shall leave Wales to men who have something to tie them near home, and go to Algeria."

"Has any thing gone wrong with you, Lal?" asked Mr. Bathurst, with a wistful look in his blue eyes, and a most unusual hesitation in his tones. But Lionel shook his head, and laughed so cheerily at the supposition, and met Frank's wistful eyes so dauntlessly, that Mr. Bathurst was quite reassured. "Let us go down by the lake, and smoke a cigar in the moonlight," the master of Haldon said, taking his guest by the arm and leading him back along the corridor; "you frightened me for a minute, Lal, by talking of Algeria; whatever comes to me, old boy, I can't spare you."

Then they neither of them spoke again for some time, not indeed until they had reached the border of the lake and sent up several light wreaths of smoke. Then Lionel Talbot looked back at the massive pile, the finest side of which fronted them now, and said:

"Whatever the autumn sees me doing, Frank, you ought to give up roaming; such a place as this deserves to be inhabited."

"Ye—es," Frank answered, lazily. The rippling lake at his feet, the star-studded sky, the beauty of the moon-lighted scenery around, were all shedding their soft influences upon him. His memories of by-gone days and nights under southern skies, by lovelier lakes, were dreamily reawakening. It was pleasant to him to think and remember; so he went on thinking and remembering, and paying no manner of heed to Lionel's suggestive speech. It was only one form—a harmless one—of his gay selfishness to be rather inattentive to any thing that did not interest him at the moment.

"Who was the fellow who wrote something about a lake?" he asked, presently.

"Several fellows have written something about a lake," Lionel answered, laughing; and Frank withdrew his cigar from his lips for a moment, and said, as he sent many perfect rings of smoke circling away into the air, "I meant Moore. I was thinking of—

> "By that lake, whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er,"

and congratulating myself upon my lake being so much more congenial to my temperament." Then he strolled on a few yards into a broader moonbeam, and went on to remark upon the fact of its being a "small wonder that the one for whom Mariana was aweary should have kept her waiting so long, since Tennyson chose to plant her in a house where mice shrieked in mouldering wainscots, and rusted nails and broken sheds and other marks of desolation and decay abounded."

"It's just possible that Mariana might have been worth the braving all those disagreeable sights," Lionel said, pursuing the fanciful theme.

"No, no; the mistress of the Moated Grange must have been an untidy woman—a sort of Miss Havisham without the Estella; that sort of thing must have gone on for many years too, or the place couldn't have got into such a state—an old Mariana with her cheeks fallen in and her hair thin, and a general air of dowdiness about her by reason of her dress being old-fashioned; that's what it would be, if one realized the subject properly and painted it."

"Don't," Lionel replied.

"Well, I'm not likely to," Frank said; then he added, rather inconsequently, "but I was looking at that little island there, and thinking what a jolly sort of prison the Lady of Shalot had:

> "Four gray walls and four gray towers
> Overlook a space of flowers,
> And the silent isle embowers
> The Lady of Shalot."

There we have it all. That laurel rises like a tower in the island. All we want—"

"Is the lady," Lionel interrupted.

"And we shall have her to-morrow night," Frank replied: he was thinking indifferently of both the beautiful women who were coming. But Lionel fancied that his friend thought only of Blanche. Perhaps it was that his fraternal pride was jealous about Beatrix. At any rate, he made no response to Frank's remark about her being there to complete the picture to-morrow night; and so the conversation flagged, and they soon felt that it would be well to go in.

"To-morrow night she will be here." This was the text on which Lionel Talbot preached a brief, bitter little sermon to himself, as he stood at his bedroom window looking out over Frank Bathurst's lawn and lake. "To-morrow night she will be here; she, with her keen eye for the beautiful, will be glancing over glade and alley, terrace and turf, lake and island; all will be spread out before her, and she will remember that all might have been her own, and then, naturally, she being a woman, her heart will warm to the man she has benefited; and the thought will arise that it may be hers still, and by the time the thought and the wish and the love she'll soon feel for him are realized—well, I shall be in Algeria."

It wearied, worried, tantalized, and perplexed him through all the visions of the night. "To-morrow night she will be here," that bright, brave, beautiful, young gentlewoman born, who had carried on the wearing strife so gallantly, who had never flinched at poverty, and to whom it would now come pleasantly and easily to be rich and happy at one stroke! It seemed to Lionel Talbot that Frank was just the man to win any untouched heart. He had pretty well fathomed poor Trixy's feelings on the subject, but Blanche's were beyond him. Love was often born of expediency, he reflected. On the other hand, Blanche was scarcely the sort of woman to create a sentiment out of an obligation. "God bless her! however it goes," he thought, as the gray dawn chased the languid June night away; and he fell asleep from sheer weariness.

Frank had remained awake a very little time, thinking so affably and kindly of every one of whom he thought at all. He was delighted with himself, for instance, for having thought of coming down and of collecting such a pleasant party as it promised to be. He was enchanted with Haldon! Of old it had never possessed half the charm and importance it now held for him. He had often suspected that there was a rich vein of humbug in that phrase that "the poor man who walks through a beautiful park has as much pleasure in the same as the noble lord who owns it." Now his suspicions were verified, and he was very sure, from the most agreeable experience, that he preferred being the noble lord. He was satisfied with Mrs. Kennet, and with his good fortune in coming into undisputed possession of such excellent servants, and with the prospect of the companionship of the two girls who were coming the following day, and with his own intentions respecting one of them, and with every thing, indeed, save Lionel Talbot's resolve to go to Algeria.

"That won't do at all," he muttered, sleepily; "we must all talk him out of that." Here his amiable intentions grew vague and undefined, and he slept the sleep that waits on sound digestion and an untroubled conscience.

The empire of the night was peace down at Haldon, but up in Victoria Street it was tribulation and woe for one of the members of one household. Edgar Talbot had been at home the greater part of the day. It was astonishing, he said to himself, how greatly the necessity lessened for being present at the centre of business action when a man decided upon putting himself beyond the possibility of attending it for some time. He had been happy and cheerful and "young," Trixy declared, during the whole of the day. Very much to their surprise, he had attended the two girls on a little shopping expedition they made, and, still more to his own surprise, he found himself liking it, for Blanche Lyon consulted his taste several times, declaring that Mr. Lionel Talbot's brother must know better than she did which color would go well with another. It was very flattering to him, Edgar Talbot felt, that Blanche should think so highly of his brother. It made him think more kindly than ever of Lionel, and he always had thought kindly of and been affectionately disposed toward Lionel, be it remembered. He bought his sister a wonderful hat to wear down at Haldon, and exchanged significant glances with Blanche when the latter said that "it was just the shaped hat Frank liked—no feather tumbling over the brim to spoil that perfect outline." Then he had gone gayly home with them rather earlier than he wished, because they both declared that they had a great deal of packing to do, which must be done by daylight. "You don't consider what time muslins take, Mr. Talbot," Blanche said to him, with a laugh, when he pleaded that they "should go into the park now." "There's a sad want of proportion between the dresses we are going to take and the trunks we are going to put them in."

"Why not go just as you are—you couldn't look nicer—and not trouble yourselves about packing?" he said, looking at their clear, crisp muslin robes.

"Ah, you don't know what mighty efforts are requisite to obtain even such small results. I should be sorry to answer for the effect on Mr. Bathurst's nerves if we appeared before him to-morrow in the damp of the evening in these dresses that now strike you as all-sufficient for the whole time of our stay. No, we must go home."

Accordingly he went with them, and found Mr. Sutton waiting for him in a little room with a window in the roof, that was dedicated to business interviews. One glance at his brother-in-law's face showed Edgar Talbot that there was something wrong.

"You have got rid of those—?" Mr. Sutton said, interrogatively, mentioning some shares in a projected railway from one little-known corner of the earth to another even more remote and less frequented.

"Not exactly; that is"—Edgar Talbot stammered, hesitated, stopped, then cried out, "you don't mean to tell me it's too late."

"Read that," Mr. Sutton answered; and Edgar sat and read—in what words it matters not—it is sufficient to say that they told him that one of his barks of fortune was wrecked in port; one of his golden dreams had melted away, leaving him a very much poorer man, not only in reality but in the knowledge of the world that knew of his investments.

He felt himself to be considerably crippled in his resources, and when he was able to realize it he confessed to Mark Sutton that he was so crippled, and that he regretted having tied the "millstone of this establishment" about his neck.

"You'll right yourself in time if you're prudent," Mark rejoined; "meantime," he added, feelingly, "it's a good thing, a very happy thing, that you're not married. Let Beatrix come to her sister; that will be a fair excuse for dispensing with Mrs. Lyon."

"Thanks; but I can't do that well," Edgar replied.

"Why not?"

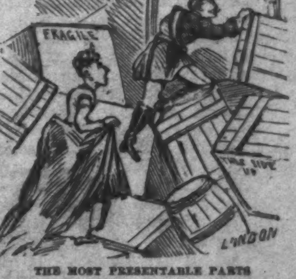
"Oh, I can't do it well," Edgar repeated. He could not bear the thought of loosening any link that might be formed between Blanche and himself. In the midst of the sharp pain he felt at having lost a fortune there was alleviation in the thought of Blanche Lyon. The vision of her in her bright, bonnie beauty, as she had walked by his side that day, made him feel this life worth having, the eternal battle of it worth fighting. She was a good motive power. Other fortunes were to be won, and should be won for her. His was not by any means a nature to turn to pleasure and shirk pain. Still, now he could not help feeling that to-morrow was very near, and that then he would be on his way to flowery glades and forests green with Blanche Lyon. For a while at least he would banish his business and turn his back upon trouble; for a while June and Blanche and flowers and fresh air should have all his heart and soul. Mark Sutton marveled to see the ambitious young man bear the first bad blow—the first sharp reverse he had ever met with—so well. It touched the man, whose heart had ached sadly with sorrowful foreboding, when called upon to tell the tidings, that Edgar should receive them so steadily. It touched Mr. Sutton more to hear Edgar's parting words, "Good-by, old fellow; I'm glad I haven't crippled you, any way!"

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

"Paris, *April* 2, 1867.

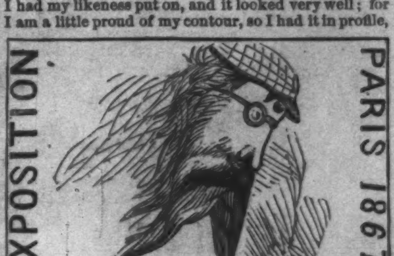
Dear Weekly,—Yesterday I attended the opening of the Great Exhibition, and from the way things are thrown around you would think it had been opened with an oyster-knife. Every thing was in pieces, and the Emperor very properly called it the Great Piece Exhibition. The confusion, the jabbering, and the broken French that meets one's ears in the American department is only equaled by the broken china in the French courts. In vain I looked for some of our Ministers in their handsome Court Uniforms, which I supposed they wore on occasions of this kind; but it seems the recent action of Congress on that question has occasioned a complete reconstruction of their wardrobe, and they now appear in their native custom of striped pantaloons cut short, with straps, red and yellow spotted neck-tie, standing collar, and bell-crowned hat, and are easily distinguished from the natives of Dacotah and the red men of the Territories. The Emperor and Empress merely walked around



THE MOST PRESENTABLE PARTS

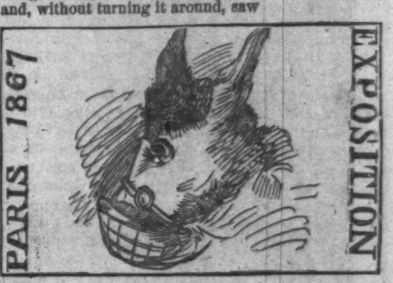
of the building, speaking a few words of encouragement to the various foreign Commissioners and the workmen, who had on their Sunday clothes in honor of the occasion. It was little more than a mere formal visit, and the horses did not "set down" with their heads or tails in any particular direction, as is usual on a visit of Nap and Eugenie to public places.

It was with great difficulty I got into the "opening," as none but Season Tickets were allowed. We have to have ourselves photographed on our tickets. I had my likeness put on, and it looked very well; for I am a little proud of my contour, so I had it in profile,



THUS;

and presented it at the gate. The gendarme took it, looked at it, merely smiled, handed it back to me, at the same time waving me out of the way of the crowd. I was forced to stand back, but did not know what for. After a while I again joined the line to the gate, and again presented my illustrated season ticket. This time there was no smile on the gate-keeper's countenance, but beckoning a soldier, with a hat and boots entirely too big for him, handed me into his custody. My French being imperfect I had some difficulty in attracting attention, but by adding muscular gymnastics to my vocal ones I brought a few around me, when I showed an Englishman my ticket, who soon saw through the whole difficulty. It appeared the gate-keeper took my ticket as I handed it to him, and, without turning it around, saw

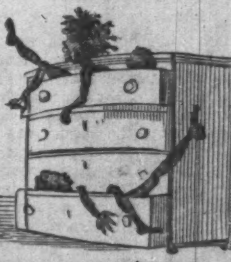


THIS,

and of course conceived that I was playing a joke upon him. After I had gone the third time, and firmly held my ticket with the right side toward him, I got in with no difficulty. I merely mention this so that any of your readers, getting a season ticket with their portraits on it, had better examine it at all points of view and see that their *carte* does not have a horse in it, for a Frenchman is the last man to appreciate a practical joke.

As before stated, not only were the Courts themselves unfinished, but even the small number of goods that had arrived were not yet unpacked. With such a state of things any thing like a ceremonial was out of the question. All day Sunday men were in the galleries and the aisles and on their knees all over the building, and a more devoted people I never saw, to business, than were these workmen. All, however, was in vain. The first of April came and found half of Russia obstructed with poles, England was not fit to be seen on account of the wool-sacks, and the United States was greatly blocked up with scaffolds.

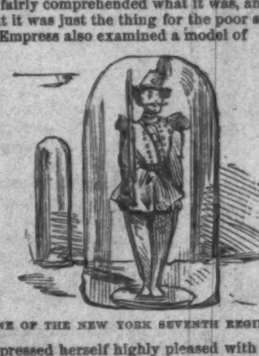
The procession of the Emperor and Empress around the building and over the goods took but two hours, whereas the ascent of Mont Blanc takes that many days under the most favorable circumstances. They made but few stops at the different Courts. They staid longest at the United States department, which was but partially in order. The Empress was much pleased and interested in



THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU

and the colored knobs on the drawers. The Empress said she had read a great deal about it, but had never before fairly comprehended what it was, and said she thought it was just the thing for the poor slaves.

The Empress also examined a model of



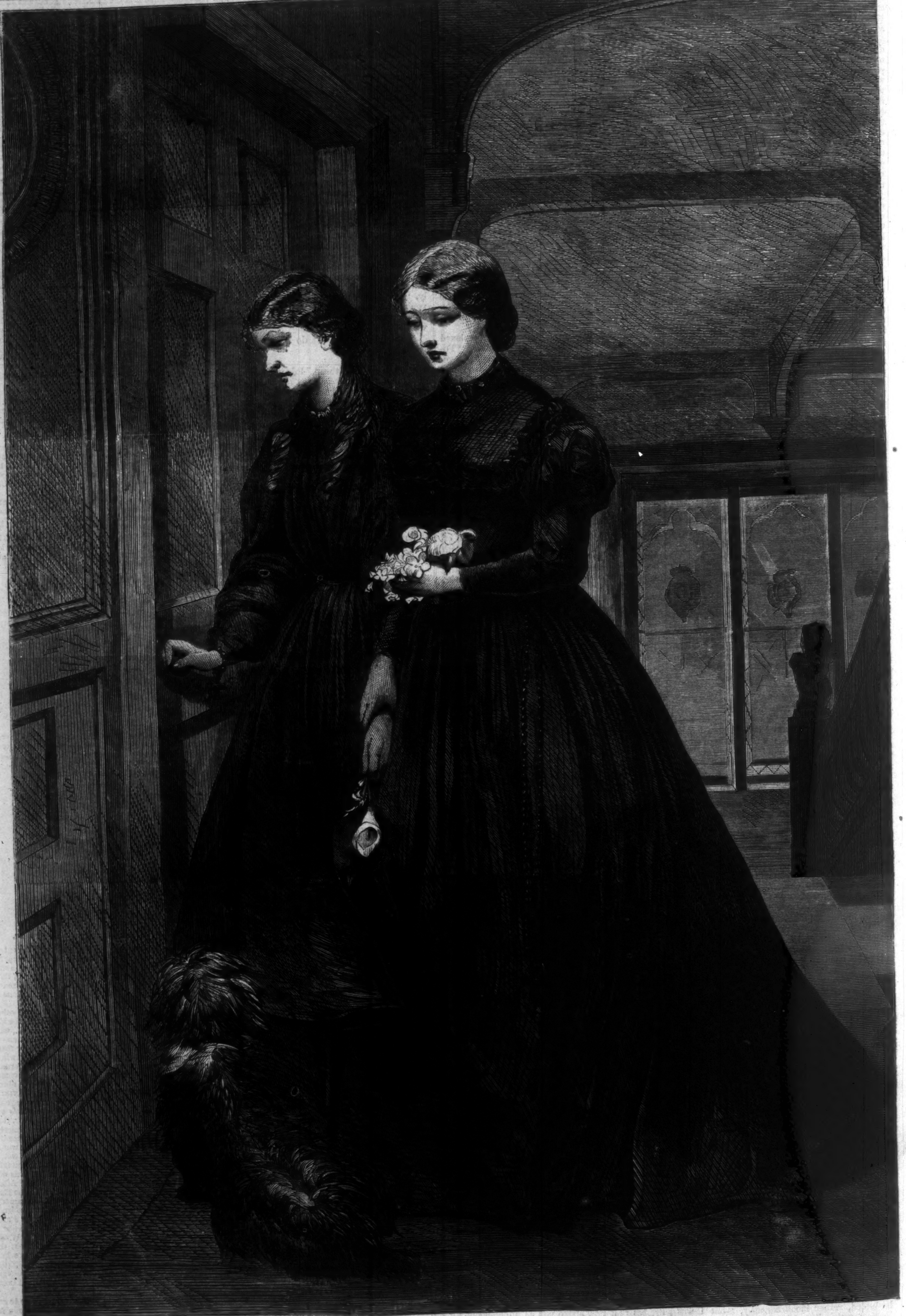
ONE OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT,

and expressed herself highly pleased with the cut of his mustache and the curl of his hair. The Emperor asked if any of them were now in existence, as he supposed that they had all perished on the altar of their country. He was no more surprised than pleased to hear that they were all well, and all had situations at good salaries.

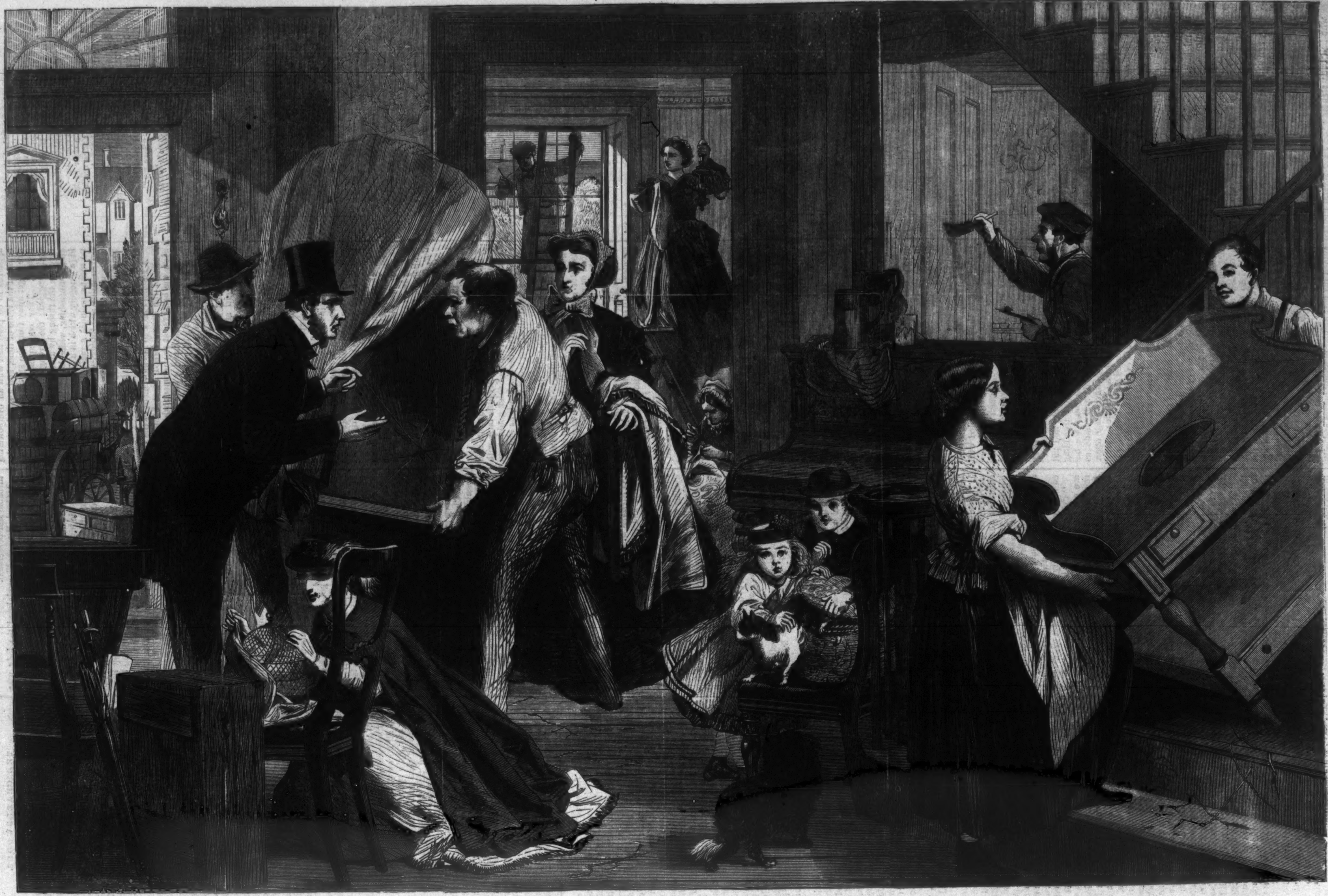
After a cursory glance at Mr. Beckwith and other specimens, their Majesties left the building for the Refreshment-room, followed by your own C. O. W., who alone, on this occasion, was so honored, Mr. Abbott being out of town. Here his Majesty called for three plates of ice-cream. Eugenie and I took "strawberry"—the Emperor took "manilla," as I am informed he always does. While we were waiting for the cream to cool the Emperor asked me many questions about America, and first asked me if I knew Mr. Maximilian who had emigrated over there about three years ago. I told him I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. He writes, continued the Emperor, that the climate does not agree with him, and he thinks he will have to return to Europe. Eugenie asked me if I thought President Johnson and Mr. Morrissey would be to the Exhibition; for if she thought so she would send them "free passes." I replied that I thought Mr. Morrissey might, but that the President was not allowed to receive presents from Empresses. After we had finished our ice-cream I whispered to the Emperor the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" when Nap took the hint and Eugenie retired, and I there drank some of the best "Bourbon" I ever tasted. I could not help wishing that the President had come to *this opening*, instead of staying in Washington to nominate Federal officers, and to fight the Senate out on that line all summer. After we had staid there until the confusion of the Exhibition seemed to be the normal condition of things every where I left the Emperor asleep and wandered home to my hotel.

I am going to-morrow morning to the bridge to see them take up the night's suicides, as the season for them has now commenced. Other Parisian Fashions I am familiar with.

Your own, C. O. W.



"FOR THE LAST TIME."—From a Painting by Miss E. Osborn.—[See Page 286.]



"THE FIRST OF MAY"—THE DISCOMFORTS OF MOVING.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

THE FIRST OF MAY.

With bang and crash and clatter-clat,
With carmen bawling "Hey! hey!"
With broken china, stoven hat,
My children missing—Loo and Mat—
It comes, the dreaded May-day.

Ay! 'tis the time for "making tracks;"
The very house seems spinning—
My chairs are dancing on their backs,
My looking-glasses yawn with cracks,
My pictures all are grinning!

In noisy strife the maids engage—
With broom and tongs they brave me;
My Pug, the poodle, yelps with rage;
Down comes the parrot's jingling cage,
The parrot screaming "Save me!"

The bed-post falls, the curtain tears;
And, like the things in fables,
The beds go bounding down the stairs,
The pillows follow them in pairs,
And crashing go the tables!

When hark! what smothered wail is that?
"Oh dear!" screams frightened aunty,
"We've in the quilts rolled little Mat!"
We loose the clothes; out jumps the *cat*,
And scampers for the pantry!

A whiz, a rush, "*Ker-scat*, get out!"
The servant Nelly chases,
When from the pantry bursts a shout,
And Loo and Mat come toddling out
With sugared hands and faces!

In dinner-pot see pussy dart;
Screams Nell, "It's all from *tirror!*"
And now, it being time to start,
The poodle climbs a-top the cart,
And sits upon the mirror!

And as if that is not enough—
Oh dear, how I am goaded!—
Mat gives the horse a pinch of snuff,
And he runs off with all our stuff
Just as the cart is loaded!

With hair on end clings yelping pug
To cracking chairs and glasses;
Down rolls the broken treacle-jug,
And children run with pan and mug
To catch the sweet molasses!

Crash goes the cart—oh, fatal day!—
My furniture is shivered!
And yet the carman claims his pay,
For often on the First of May
His loads are thus delivered!"

Augustus Comstock.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book I.

CHAPTER I.

A DRIVE IN HAMMERHAM.

A bright September sun was shining over the great midland town of Hammerham. Every dingy brick and gray flag-stone reflected back an oven-like heat. The shining brass plates on the shop-fronts and office-doors dazzled the spectator's eyes like so many burning-glasses, and polished bell-handles and brazen knockers were hot enough to scorch any ungloved fingers that might be applied to them. Notwithstanding the heat and the glare, however, the streets of Hammerham had been thronged from an early hour in the morning by people of all ranks and classes; and the pavement of the principal thoroughfares was polished by the tread of innumerable feet.

Hammerham was (and is) a great working town. Its tall chimneys puffed forth their clouds of smoke into the upper air as usual; the clang and whirr of wheels had not ceased; and the long rows of factory windows (conventionally called there "shop" windows) still trembled and vibrated to the metallic pulse of machinery. But a stranger, who should have stood at the central point of the town, where several principal streets converge toward the spot on which stand some of its chief public buildings, might have fancied that the busy hives of labor had been emptied of their occupants, and that men, women, and children had unanimously taken holiday and abandoned their toils for the day. Though it was now late in the afternoon, crowds still lingered, with the inexplicable patience that belongs to an assemblage of idle people, outside the wooden barriers erected opposite to the principal entrance of a large building from the open windows of which rich waves of sound rolled forth into the still autumn air. It was the last day of the great Music Meeting at Hammerham, and the concluding chorus of Handel's Messiah was being sung in presence of a densely packed audience, which filled the spacious hall from floor to ceiling. In their appointed sequence the various instruments and voices took up the noble theme of the final fugue, succeeding each other with an irresistible force and majesty that left an impression on the mind of power and vastness, such as is made by an Atlantic tide rolling grandly in upon some western shore. Peal after peal of harmony shook the air. Higher and higher rose the soaring voices. Fuller and fuller swelled the tones of the instruments until they all met and blended in the massive final chords with an overwhelming volume of sound, through which the mighty pulse of the great organ throbbed tumultuously. There was a moment's silence, then a long-continued hurricane of applause, and the Music Meeting was over. And now the long line of carriages in waiting began to move, and the policemen on duty in the roadway waved their white-gloved hands to bewildered coachmen, and shouted hoarse injunctions to them to "move on," or to "pull up there," or to "keep the line." Behind the barriers erected to prevent the pressure of the crowd from obstructing the approaches to the hall a sudden movement took place also. The closely packed multitude, who had been standing there for several hours without any symptom of impatience, all at once appeared to be possessed with an overpowering sense of the value of time, and a unanimous desire to get away from the spot without losing an instant. They consequently hustled, pushed, and struggled; the stronger making their way through the throng by dint of ruthless elbowing and foot-crushing, while the weaker or more timid (a category which in a Hammerham crowd by no means includes a majority of women) were driven hither and thither, wavering and staggering, and uttering loud remonstrances against the roughness of their neighbors, but all equally intent on getting away with the greatest possible speed.

A sudden check to the movement of the front ranks of the crowd forced those behind back upon the barriers, at the moment when a lame man, holding by the hand a little girl of some nine or ten years old, made a dart across the roadway from the hall, and endeavored to dive under the horizontal timbers. He had succeeded in getting just within the paling, dragging the little girl after him, when he was met by the receding wave of crowd, and the child, forcibly separated from him by the pressure, was pushed back into the road, and fell under the wheels of a handsome carriage drawn by two spirited horses.

A cry of horror rose from all who saw the little creature drop. The coachman pulled up with all the force he could, nearly throwing his horses on their haunches, but he was unable to stop them before one of the front wheels had passed over the child, who lay motionless, close to the hoofs of the plunging and frightened beasts.

A young gentleman instantly sprang down from the box, but before he could reach the child she had been lifted up in the strong arms of a stalwart policeman, who held her with great gentleness, though in a sort of cool official manner, devoid of any excitement whatsoever.

"Good God!" exclaimed the young gentleman, making his way through the throng, "I hope it's nothing serious. She's—she's not killed, is she?"

For the child's face was still as marble, and almost as white. It was a pretty little face, with delicate features and a mass of thick gold-brown curls falling back from the forehead, as she lay with her head drooping over the policeman's shoulder.

"No, no, Sir," rejoined the man who held her. "Not *killed* certainly. She has fainted away. She'd best be took to the hospital at once. A doctor 'ud soon say whether there's any bones broke or not."

Meanwhile the lame man, who had been separated from the child in the crowd, and had been vainly seeking for her, perceived nothing of the accident until he heard the pitying exclamations of the by-standers, and saw the little white face raised up above the crowd. He turned and made for the spot where the child was, with frantic haste, limping along at a surprising speed, and making his way through the thickest of the throng, which opened for him to pass, as though informed by some mysterious means that the child who had been run over belonged to him. He arrived in time to hear the policeman's recommendation. "No!" he panted, speaking in a thick voice, and laboring painfully for breath. "No, never! Take her home. Give her to me. She shall not go to the hospital. Corda, Corda, my pretty one! My poor darling!"

Then turning to the late occupant of the carriage, the lame man shook his fist in his face with a frightful oath, and cried frantically that he had murdered the child, and should be brought to justice. And then he fell to moaning and whimpering over the impassive little face that lay still and piteous on the policeman's dark-blue breast.

"Come," said the constable, sternly, "none o' that. The accident's nobody's fault but yours, for leaving a little child like that in such a crowd. I seen the 'ole affair. If the coachman hadn't have pulled up when he did, she'd have been cut in two by the wheels. If you won't let her go to the hospital, you'd better take her home at once and send for a doctor, instead of blubbering and blustering here."

"I am deeply distressed," said the young gentleman, whom the lame man had assailed with such fury—"I am deeply distressed that the accident should have happened, though I can not think my man to blame. He was not driving carelessly, and the poor little thing was thrown almost under the wheels. But if you will tell me your address I will put her into the carriage and have her driven home quickly and smoothly."

"Oh yes, yes; let me go out, pray, and put the child in my place," said a sweet trembling voice. The young girl to whom the voice belonged leaned eagerly forward, and made as though she would have opened the carriage door. Two other ladies sat within the vehicle; one, a hard-featured, richly-dressed young woman, sat very quiet, and observant of the scene; the other had thrown herself back in her seat, and put up a pair of daintily gloved hands so as to conceal her face.

The lame man looked from one to another in a helpless way, seeming to be divided between anger against the occupants of the carriage and apprehension for his daughter. But the policeman, with a muttered expression of his opinion that enough time had been wasted in "jaw," settled the matter by lifting the still insensible child into the carriage, and laying her on the cushions, with her head resting on the lap of the young girl who had spoken. "Now," said he, with a highly disapproving glance at the child's father, "look sharp and tell the gentleman's coachman where to drive; and move on there, will you? You're stoppin' all the line. With those words the guardian of public security resumed his post amidst plunging horses and rolling wheels, directing the confusion with imperturbable self-possession.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the lady who had hidden her face, revealing, as she removed her hands, a countenance of striking beauty—"good Heavens, Penny, what are they doing? Jackson is positively driving off. And this unfortunate but dreadful child! Suppose she should die here! Oh, it's too terrible! Where is Clement? What *shall* we do?"

"Don't be a fool," rejoined the elder lady, dryly. "Of course Jackson must drive off. We couldn't stay there all day. I suppose they have told him where the child's home is. Some back slum, no doubt. I don't understand why they could not have put her into a cab. But it's one of Clem's ideas."

She spoke with a hard, repulsive manner, and her small steel-bright eyes and projecting chin were not pleasant to look upon. Nevertheless, she bent forward and spread her handkerchief over the little curly head that lay bare to the scorching sunshine.

The young girl on whose knees the child rested looked up with eyes full of tears. She was a very young girl, not more, apparently, than sixteen years of age, and she was trembling and pale. "Oh, poor little dear!" she said, softly. "Is she not a sweet-looking little creature, Miss Charlewood? Look at her poor pretty curls all soiled with dust. Oh, I do hope she is not seriously hurt!"

The carriage had now got clear of the crush of other vehicles, and the coachman was urging his horses on at a smart pace. Suddenly the beautiful young lady stood up in the carriage, balancing herself with difficulty, and exclaimed, imperiously, "Jackson. Stop! stop! Do you hear me? Where are you taking us to? Penny, do you see this? We're getting into a frightful neighborhood. Stop this moment, Jackson."

The man touched his hat, and glanced down over his shoulder into the carriage, but without slackening speed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Augusta," he said, "but Mr. Clement ordered me to drive as quick as possible to No. 23 New Bridge Street. Him and the lame party went round afoot the short way, to fetch Doctor Brett. We shall be there in a moment, miss."

He spoke to the handsome lady, but looked appealingly toward that other lady whom the young girl had addressed as Miss Charlewood.

"It's quite right, Jackson," said the latter, sharply. "There's my brother with the child's father and Mr. Brett at a door on the left-hand side of the way. Pull up, man. Where are your eyes? I could see the number, 23, half a mile off."

In truth, the little steel-bright eyes looked as if they had considerable seeing power. When the carriage stopped, the lame man, shaking violently, and in a state of uncontrollable excitement, came forward to lift out his little girl. But the surgeon put him gently aside, and took the light form in his own arms. The child's eyelids quivered, and she uttered a faint moan. "Merciful Heaven!" cried Miss Augusta, putting her fingers into her ears and closing her eyes tightly. "This is *too* dreadful." And she remained motionless, shutting out sight and sound as much as possible.

"I suppose we can't do any good here, Clem?" said Miss Charlewood, with an impatient shrug.

"No; none whatever. You had better drive home at once. My mother will be getting uneasy."

"Won't you come with us?"

"I will only wait to hear Brett's report. That lame man, the father, is too scared to be of much use. It is a thousand pities that he didn't let her go to the hospital. If any thing happened to myself, it is where I would beg to be taken to."

"Do you think, Mr. Charlewood, it is a very bad accident?" asked the young girl who had held the child. The tears were running down her face, and she was still trembling very much.

"I hope not. I trust not," he answered, advancing to the door of the carriage; "but I will bring you a true report presently. You are going to lunch with our people, are you not? Home, Jackson!"

"Really," said Miss Charlewood, when the carriage had quitted the stones, and was rolling smoothly along a suburban road, bordered by handsome villas, "really, I must appear a horrid monster beside you two sensitive young ladies. Mabel's sensibilities have quite overcome her, and Augusta is only just not fainting."

The young girl whom she called Mabel colored deeply, and hastily dried her wet eyes.

"I'm very sorry, Penelope, that my nerves are not made of cast iron, like yours," retorted the fair Augusta, languidly; "but I confess I *have* a horror of scenes, and I can not help it. It is far from pleasant to be so sensitive as I am, I assure you; but I should hardly suppose that *you* found it very agreeable to have to penetrate into that abominable den. Ugh! I felt quite sick."

"Abominable den? Oh, New Bridge Street. Ah! it *is* coaly."

"Coaly! And the canal full of dead cats and dogs? And the filthy people! And the foul smells! I should not be at all surprised if I were to have a fever. It was most inconsiderate of Clement to make us go to such a place in a broiling heat like this."

"Yes; and most inconsiderate and selfish in the little girl," returned Miss Charlewood, "not to choose a cool day on which to get herself run over. But here we are at home, and here is mamma flattening her nose against the dining-room window. I suppose *her* sensitiveness will take the form of scolding us all round for having caused her paroxysms of anxiety by our delay. Jump out, Mabel, my dear, I shall put you in the van."

CHAPTER II.

THE CHARLEWOODS.

The Charlewoods were rich people. Very rich people, even in that rich town. The firm of Gandry and Charlewood, great builders and contractors, was known all over the world. Gandry had ceased to exist (at least, so far as the business was concerned) years ago, having been bought out by the junior partner; but his name had never been canceled from the firm. Since his day the tide of affairs had set steadily in favor of old Luke Charlewood, and had carried him on to fortune. He had been a very, very poor man once, his father having been an Irish laborer under a brick-layer; and there were those who professed to remember Luke himself, with a hod on his shoulder, working hard for eighteenpence a day. Fiction or fact, however, those days were long ago, and were unknown to, or forgotten by, nearly all who now came into communication with the wealthy Mr. Charlewood. Such reminiscences as I speak of were usually uttered in public-house parlors of very humble pretensions, where the poorer sort of tradesmen or artisans congregated on Saturday evenings, to smoke and drink, and discuss the state of the body politic, or the affairs of their neighbors. The distinction which unfortunately exists between theory and practice was frequently exemplified at these gatherings in a very striking manner; it being observable that those persons who had proved to be the most incompetent and unsuccessful in their own conduct of life, were ready, at a moment's notice, with infallible methods for the improvement and correction of the rest of the world, from kings and cabinet ministers downward. Certain it is that, when all accounts were balanced, no man could bring any more specific accusation against Luke Charlewood than that he had been poor and now was rich, and that from being rich he had always grown still richer. He had lived single to a much later period in life than is common in the class whence he sprang, and he was already a thriving man when he married the daughter of a prosperous timber-merchant, with whom he had business relations. His wife had borne him many children, but they lost several in early infancy, and, at the time when this story opens, their family consisted of two sons and two daughters. Penelope, aged twenty-seven, was the eldest of these; her brother, Clement, was a year and a half younger; and the remaining two, Walter and Augusta, were aged respectively seventeen and twenty.

Clement had for some time taken an active share in his father's business, and during the past year the style and title of the great firm had been changed to Charlewood and Son; though it continued to be known and spoken of as Gandry and Charlewood. Clement Charlewood threw all the strength of a strong character into his daily pursuits. The vastness of the operations undertaken by the firm, and the wide and various portions of the civilized—nay, for that matter, and uncivilized—world, over which they extended, had to the young man's imagination an element of wonder and grandeur which redeemed them in his mind from mere hard prosaic money-grinding. He would have said to others, and even perhaps to himself, that no human being ever existed who more heartily despised the unpractical and romantic than he. Nevertheless, Clement Charlewood had his ideal. Such a standard of inflexible and spotless integrity, unwearying industry, and enlightened progress, as he carried in his mind, no business house in Hammerham or elsewhere had ever reached.

The youngest son, Walter, the spoiled idol and darling of his mother, was as frivolous, vain, and idle, as his brother was earnest, proud, and energetic. The lad was not without some lovable qualities, having, at times, impulses of generosity, and a womanish emotional kind of tenderness. But he had been humored, petted, and flattered, until nearly all that was good in him was hidden under a mass of selfishness. Of the two daughters, Penelope and Augusta, the reader has already seen somewhat.

The house this family inhabited was a handsome and luxurious one. A substantial red-brick mansion, dating from the reign of Queen Anne, and surrounded by gardens. If the house had been a little further from the road, and the lodge a little further from the house, the general effect of the approach would have been better. But the house, when first built, had been surrounded by wide meadows, stretching far beyond the garden fence. The modern increase of Hammerham, and the spread of wealth, had occasioned a mushroom growth of villa residences all around the old mansion. The soil, plentifully manured with bright new coin of the realm, had brought forth an abundant crop of fantastic dwellings. There were stucco houses, stone houses, timber houses, brick houses, iron houses. Houses built in the Italian style, the Swiss style, the French style, the Chinese style. Châlets and pagodas, campaniles and châteaus, bearing much such resemblance to the original edifices they professed to imitate as the animals in a toy Noah's Ark bear to real live beasts, birds, and fishes. One generally knew what they were meant for, as one generally can distinguish the scarlet lion from the orange tiger in the toy box. But there was a class of houses (the Hammerham people were fond of designating them as Elizabeth*ian* cottages) which proved a snare and a pitfall to the unwary stranger; so frequent was their tendency to run into the pagoda on the one hand, and the Swiss cow-house on the other. To none of these varieties, however, did the dwelling of the Charlewoods belong. It was known as Bramley Manor, and was, as has been said, a fine, substantial family mansion, boasting a long terrace-walk, shaded by noble old elm-trees, on the garden side of the house. The elms and the terrace-walk could scarcely have been had, ready-made, for money. But, assuredly, few things were wanting within or without Bramley Manor, that money *could* purchase. The gardens were cultivated with exquisite skill and care; the hot-houses were filled with choice and rare plants; the stables with costly horses. Every latest patented improvement in the way of household comfort or luxury which Hammerham produced from its thousand dingy surrounding work-shops found a place in Bramley Manor.

Indeed, its interior brightness and splendor harmonized but little with the quaint sobriety of its outward aspect, which, save for the mellowing touch of time, and the plate-glass that glittered in the long narrow casements, was but little altered from that which it originally wore a century and a half ago. There was only one apartment that seemed properly to belong, by the antique fashion of it, to the old house. This was the dining-room, a somewhat low-pitched but spacious room, lined with a very finely carved oak wainscot. Before Mr. Charlewood's time this had been barbarously covered with a thick coating of whitewash, picked out with blue. But that had now been removed, and the dark wood was again revealed in all its sombre richness. Mrs. Charlewood, indeed, complained that no amount of wax-candles could light up her dining-room, and that, do what she would, it remained gloomy. But then Mrs. Charlewood had no sense of the picturesque, and would, in her heart, have preferred the whitewash picked out with blue—if only she might have been permitted to add plenty of gilding.

It was in this room that the good lady had been standing, flattening her nose against the window, as Penelope had remarked, and looking out anxiously for her children's return from the Music Meeting. As the carriage stopped she came hurrying and panting into the entrance hall, her gold and scarlet head-dress trembling, and the thick folds of her black satin dress sweeping over the marble floor, and raising quite a little simoom in the still sultry air. Mrs. Charlewood had once been pretty, with a pink and white face of irregular outline, and a soft though scanty crop of light hair. She had now grown immensely stout, and the blush roses on her cheeks had deepened and widened into crimson peonies. But she still affected a little languishing lachrymose manner, which, to say truth, was less suited to her present matronly appearance than it had been to the delicate prettiness and drooping curls of her maiden days.

"Where in 'Eaven's name have you been?" she cried. "What 'as detained you?"

Mrs. Charlewood could scarcely be said to *drop* her *h*'s, for she had a peculiar habit of making a determined pause before words beginning with that ill-used consonant, as though to call attention to the fact of her ignoring it altogether. In short, there was the same distinction between her omission of the aspirate and other people's, as exists between simply overlooking a friend in the street and cutting him dead. Mrs. Charlewood cut her *h*'s dead.

"The oratorio must have been over an hour ago, at least," continued the good lady, "for I saw the carriages coming up from town by dozens."

"We have been to New Bridge Street, mamma. An uncomfortable little girl tumbled under our wheels. But suppose we impart all particulars over luncheon? We have brought you Mable Earnshaw quite exhausted with excitement; and I profess myself hungry, with an utterly uninteresting and commonplace appetite."

Mrs. Charlewood kissed her young guest, and led the way into the dining-room. She would have liked to put many more questions, and to have had her curiosity gratified without delay. But in truth she stood very considerably in awe of her eldest daughter, and thought it wise to wait with outward patience until it should please Penelope to speak. Augusta had pleaded fatigue, and had retired to her own room, there to partake of a very substantial cold collation. She was averse to taking her meals with the rest of the family, always excepting dinner, which was a form and a ceremony, and admitted of a brilliant toilet.

"Well, Mabel," said Mrs. Charlewood, when they were seated at table, "I 'ope you enjoyed the concert? Penelope don't seem inclined to give me any news, so I must look to you to do it, my dear."

"It was very fine," answered Mabel, "and I am very much obliged to you all for giving me such a great pleasure. I hope you don't think me ungrateful, Mrs. Charlewood, but the accident drove away the impression of the music for a time."

Then Miss Charlewood, being restored with meat and wine, unlocked her lips, and began to relate the story of the little girl. She was in the midst of her recital, when Clement entered, having evidently hastened. Mrs. Charlewood assailed him with a torrent of questions. She had a great respect for her son, but she was not afraid of him. She had an instinctive knowledge that Clement would never permit himself the sharp speeches at his mother's expense which Penelope ruthlessly indulged in.

Mabel Earnshaw sat silent, listening earnestly to what he told them. She was not a beautiful girl, except in so far as the first fresh bloom of healthy youth is beautiful; but her face was full of intellect, and capable of a singular expression of concentration. Her forehead was wide and well developed, and her eyes of a changing gray, shaded by short, thick, dark lashes. These eyes, bright and liquid, though not especially large, made the chief charm of her face. But it was in the mouth that all its characteristic expression lay. It was a delicately cut, sensitive mouth, but with a capacity for locking itself into a fixed frozen scorn, that changed and aged the whole countenance. The soft lips, when smiling or speaking, were flexible and tender, but once shut, they conveyed in some indefinable way a strange indomitable power of silence. They were not locked now, however, but slightly parted, as she listened to Clement's news of the little girl, and the bright eyes, full of candor, were raised with an entire absence of self-consciousness to the speaker's face.

"I am heartily glad to be able to say that there is nothing serious to be apprehended," said Clement. "The collar-bone is broken, but Brett assures me that she will be as well as ever in a few weeks."

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood. "But, dear me, how careless to take a little girl like that out in such a crowd, and him a lame man, too! But there! Those kind of people have no more forethought than any thing."

"What *is* the kind of these people, Clem?" asked Miss Charlewood. "The child had not the usual look of a New Bridge Street aboriginal."

"No, indeed," Mabel eagerly struck in; "I have never seen a more refined little face."

"Well," said Clement, "I believe the man is a fiddler. He had been to the hall to speak to some of the musicians, he told me. He's a shiftless, scampish kind of fellow, I fancy. Altogether, he impressed me unfavorably."

"But he seemed very fond of the child," said Mabel.

"Oh yes; fond of the child, no doubt. He blew me up furiously at first, and said I had murdered her."

"New Bridge Street," said Mrs. Charlewood, musingly. "Law! Why that's a very wretched neighborhood. Down by the canal. I know just where it is, because I remember very well—

Mrs. Charlewood's reminiscences—which related to her childish days when she lived in her father's house on the canal wharf, and played see-saw on a stack of fragrant pine planks in the timber-yard—were cut short by her catching Penelope's glittering eye fixed upon her in decided disapproval. The poor lady stopped in some confusion, and added, abruptly, "I mean to say, I've always understood it was a 'orrid part of the town."

"Yes," said Miss Charlewood, "you should have seen Augusta's horror at having only to drive through it. I wonder *why* people live in New Bridge Street!"

"I scarcely think you do wonder, Penny," said her brother. "They live there because they can't afford to live in a better place."

"But then," said Mabel, timidly, "if these people are so poor, will they be able to—I mean, won't this accident be a—a terrible expense to them?"

"Oh, I don't think they are in destitution. The father—he told me his name is Trescott—has a weekly engagement to play in the orchestra of the theatre."

At the word Mrs. Charlewood raised her eyebrows and shut her eyes, shaking her head slightly from side to side, and uttering a stifled moan, under cover of which demonstration Clement added hurriedly, in a low voice, meant only for Mabel's ear, "I have begged Brett to pay her every attention, and have desired the woman with whom they lodge to see that she wants for nothing. You know I feel in a measure responsible, though really the accident was in no way Jackson's fault."

"It is very good of you," said Mabel, softly.

Mrs. Charlewood, finding that Clement had been saying something that she could not catch, stopped midway in another moan, and opened her eyes. "Ah, dear me!" she said. "What a sad thing! How dreadful for the little girl to be mixed up with such people. Think, only think, of her poor soul."

"No doubt that is the thing to do, mamma," remarked her eldest daughter; "but I think Clement has been so absurd as to think of her poor body first. Perhaps one *might* be weak enough to like that best, one's self, if one's collar-bone were broken."

She had partly heard, and wholly understood, Clement's whispered speech. Few things said or done in Penelope Charlewood's presence escaped her observation.

Mabel rose and drew the light cape of her simple muslin dress round her shoulders. "You're not going, my dear?" said Mrs. Charlewood.

"Not going, Mabel?" echoed Penelope.

Mabel was a great favorite at Bramley Manor. Even Miss Charlewood had been known on several occasions to speak with unalloyed praise of Mabel Earnshaw. None the less did she make sharp stinging speeches to her face. But these Miss Charlewood lavished on friend and foe with absolute impartiality.

"Yes, if you please, Mrs. Charlewood," said Mabel. "I promised mamma to go home directly after lunch."

"Oh, but, my dear, we'll send and tell your mamma, if you'll stay. Mr. Charlewood will be disappointed not to see you when he comes in."

"Thank you, but I don't think he will care very much," said Mabel, smiling. "Besides, I promised."

"Never mind—" Mrs. Charlewood was beginning; but Penelope interrupted her.

"Never mind, mamma? I'm astonished at you. A promise is a promise. Think of Mabel's poor soul!" Whereupon Mrs. Charlewood said no further word.

"If you don't mind walking I will see you to your own door, Miss Earnshaw," said Clement, rising too. "I have business that will take me to Fitzhenry's Road."

So Miss Earnshaw went her way accompanied by Mr. Clement Charlewood. They passed out of the hall door together on to the drive, and Penelope, watching them from the dining-room, heard through the open window Mabel's sweet voice saying, as she shyly took Clement's offered arm: "Don't you think Christian charity is a very, very rare thing, Mr. Charlewood?"

BIRDS OF PREY.

Book V.—Relics of the Dead.

CHAPTER III.

HUNTING THE JUDSONS.

October. Yesterday and the day before were blank days. On Saturday I read Mrs. Rebecca's letters a second time after a late breakfast, and spent a lazy morning in the endeavor to pick up any stray crumbs of information which I might have overlooked the previous night. There was nothing to be found, however; and, estimable as I have always considered the founder of the Wesleyan fraternity, I felt just a little weary of his virtues and his discourses, his journeying from place to place, his love-feasts, and his prayer-meetings, before I had finished with Mrs. Haygarth's correspondence. In the afternoon I strolled about the town; made inquiries at several inns, with a view to discover whether Captain Paget was peradventure an inmate thereof; looked in at the railway-station, and watched the departure of a train; dawdled away half an hour at the best tobacconist's shop in the town on the chance of encountering my accomplished patron, who indulges in two of the choicest obtainable cigars per diem, and might possibly repair thither to make a purchase, if he were in the place. Whether he is still in Ullerton or not I can not tell; but he did not come to the tobacconist's; and I was fain to go back to my inn, having wasted a day. Yet I do not think that George Sheldon will have cause to complain of me, since I have worked very closely for my twenty shillings per week, and have devoted myself to the business in hand with an amount of enthusiasm which I did not think it possible for me to experience—except for—

I went to church on Sunday morning, and was more devoutly inclined than it has been my habit to feel; for although a man who lives by his wits must not necessarily be a heathen or an atheist, it is very difficult for him to be any thing like a Christian; even my devotion yesterday was not worth much, for my thoughts went vagabondizing off to Charlotte Halliday in the midst of a very sensible practical sermon.

In the afternoon I read the papers, and dozed by the fire in the coffee-room—two-thirds coke by-the-way, and alternating from the fierceness of a furnace to a dreary blackness—still thinking of Charlotte.

Late in the evening I walked the streets of the town, and thought what a lonely wretch I was. The desert of Sahara is somewhat dismal, I dare say; but in its dismality there is at least a flavor of romance, a smack of adventure. Oh, the hopeless dullness, the unutterable blankness of a provincial town late on a Sunday night, as it presents itself to the contemplation of a friendless young man without a sixpence in his pocket, or one bright hope to tempt him to forgetfulness of the past in pleasant dreaming of the future!

Complaining again! O pen, which art the voice of my discontent, your spluttering is like this outburst of unmanly fretfulness and futile rage! O paper, whose flat surface typifies the dull level of my life, your greasy unwillingness to receive the ink is emblematic of the soul's revolt against destiny!

This afternoon brought me a letter from Sheldon, and opened a new channel for my explorations in that underground territory, the past. That man has a marvelous aptitude for his work; and has what is more than aptitude, the experience of ten years of failure. Such a man must succeed sooner or later. I wonder whether his success will come while I am allied to him. I have been used to consider myself an unlucky wretch, a creature of ill-fortune to others as well as to myself. It is a foolish superstition, perhaps, to fancy one's self set apart for an evil destiny; but the Eumenides have been rather hard upon me. Those "amiable" deities, whom they of Colonna tried so patiently to conciliate with transparent flatteries, have marked me for their prey from the cradle—I don't suppose that cradle was paid for, by-the-by. I wonder whether there is an avenging deity whose special province it is to pursue the insolvent, a Nemesis of the Bankruptcy Court.

My Sheldon's epistle bears the evidence of a very subtle brain, as I think. It is longer than his previous letters. I transcribe it here, as I wish this record to be a complete brief of my proceedings in this Haygarth business.

"GRAY'S INN, *Sunday night.*

"DEAR HAWKEHURST,—The copies of the letters came duly to hand, and I think you have made your selections with much discretion, always supposing you have overlooked nothing in the remaining mass of writing. I will thank you to send me the rest of the letters, by-the-way. You can take notes of any thing likely to be useful to yourself, and it will be as well for me to possess the originals.

"I find one very strong point in the first letter of your selection, viz.: the allusion to a house in John Street. It is clear that Matthew lived in that house, and in that neighborhood there may even yet remain some traces of his existence. I shall begin a close investigation to-morrow within a certain radius of that spot; and if I have the good luck to fall upon any clear-headed centenarians, I may pick up something.

"There are some alms-houses hard by Whitecross Street Prison, where the inmates live to ages that savor of the Pentateuch. Perhaps there I may light upon some impoverished citizen fallen from a good estate who can remember some contemporary of Matthew's. London was smaller in those days than it is now, and men lived out their lives in one spot, and had leisure to be concerned about the affairs of their neighbors. As I have now something of a clew to Matthew's roistering days, I shall set to work to follow it up closely; and your provincial researches and my metropolitan investigations proceeding simultaneously, we may hope to advance matters considerably ere long. For your own part, I should advise you forthwith to hunt up the Judson branch. You will remember that Matthew's only sister was a Mrs. Judson of Ullerton. I want to find an heir-at-law in a direct line from Matthew; and you know my theory on that point. But if we fail in that direction we must of course fall back upon the Judsons, who are a disgustingly complicated set of people, and will take half a lifetime to disentangle, to say nothing of other men who may be working the same business, and who are pretty sure to have pinned their faith on the female branch of the Haygarthian tree.

"I want you to ferret out some of the Judson descendants with a view to picking up further documentary evidence in the shape of old letters, inscriptions in old books, and so on. That Matthew had a secret is certain; and that he was very much inclined to reveal that secret in his later days is also certain. Who shall say that he did not tell it to his only sister, though he was afraid to tell it to his wife?

"You have acted with so much discretion up to this point that I do not care to trouble you with any further hints or suggestions. When money is wanted it shall be forthcoming; but I must beg you to manage things economically, as I have to borrow at a considerable sacrifice; and should this affair prove a failure my ruin is inevitable. Yours, etc., G. S."

My friend Sheldon is a man who can never have been more than "yours et cetera" to any human creature. I suppose what he calls ruin would be a quiet passage through the bankruptcy court, and a new set of chambers. I should not suppose that sort of ruin would be very terrible for a man whose sole possessions are a few weak-backed horse-hair chairs, a couple of battered old desks, half a dozen empty japanned boxes, a file of *Bell's Life*, and a Turkey carpet in which the progress of corruption is evident to the casual observer.

The hunting up of the Judsons is a very easy matter as compared to the task of groping in the dimness of the past in search of some faint traces of the footsteps of departed Haygarths. Whereas the Haygarth family seem to be an extinct race, the Judsonian branch have bred and mustered in the land; and my chief difficulty in starting has been an *embarras de richesse*, in the shape of half a page of Judsons in the Ullerton directory.

Whether to seek out Theodore Judson, the attorney in Nile Street East, or the Rev. James Judson, curate of St. Gamaliel; whether to appeal in the first instance to Judson & Co., haberdashers and silk mercers, of the Ferrygate, or to Judson of Judson and Grinder, wadding-manufacturers in Lady Lane—was the grand question. On inquiring of the landlord as to the antecedents of these Judsons, I found that they were all supposed to spring from one common stock, and to have the blood of old Jonathan Haygarth in their veins. The Judsons had been an obscure family—people of "no account," my landlord told me, until Joseph Judson, chapman and cloth-merchant in a very small way, was so fortunate as to win the heart of Ruth Haygarth, only daughter of the wealthy nonconformist grocer in the market-place. This marriage had been the starting-point of Joseph Judson's prosperity. Old Haygarth had helped his industrious and respectable son-in-law along the stony road that leads to fortune, and had no doubt given him many a lift over the stones which bestrew that toilsome highway. My landlord's information was as vague as the information of people in general; but it was easily to be made out, from his scanty shreds and scraps of information, that the well-placed Judsons of the present day had almost all profited in some measure by the hard-earned wealth of Jonathan Haygarth. "They've nearly all of them got the name of Haygarth mixed up with their other names somehow," said my landlord. "Judson of Judson & Grinder is Thomas Haygarth Judson. He's a member of our tradesman's club, and worth a hundred thousand pounds if he's worth a sixpence."

I have observed, by-the-way, that a wealthy tradesman in a country town is never accredited with less than a hundred thousand; there seems a natural hankering in the human mind for round numbers.

"There's J. H. Judson of St. Gamaliel," continued my landlord, "he's James Haygarth Judson; and young Judson the attorney's son puts 'Haygarth Judson' on his card, and gets people to call him Haygarth Judson when they will—which in a general way they won't, on account of his giving himself airs, which you may see him any summer evening walking down Ferrygate as if the place belonged to him, and he didn't set much value on it. They *do* say his father's heir-at-law to a million of money left by the last of the Haygarths, and that he and the son are trying to work up a claim to the property against the Crown. But I've heard young Judson deny it in our room when he was spoken to about it, and I don't suppose there's much ground for people's talk."

I was sorry to discover there was any ground for such talk; Mr. Judson the lawyer would be no insignificant opponent. I felt that I must give a very wide berth to Mr. Theodore Judson the attorney, and his stuck-up son, unless circumstances should so shape themselves as to oblige us to work with him. In the mean while any move I made among the other Judsons would be likely, I thought, to come to the knowledge of these particular members of the family.

"Are the Judson family very friendly with one another?" I artfully inquired.

"Well, you see some of 'em are, and some of 'em ain't. They're most of 'em third and fourth cousins, you see, and that ain't a very near relationship in a town where there's a good deal of competition and interests often clash. Young Theodore—Haygarth Judson as he calls himself—is very thick with Judson of St. Gamaliel's—they were at college together, you see—and fine airs they give themselves on the strength of a couple of years or so at Cambridge. Those two get on very well together. But Judson, of the Lady Lane Mills, don't speak to either of 'em when he meets 'em in the street, and has been known to cut 'em dead in my room. William Judson of Ferrygate is a dissenter, and keeps himself to himself very close. The other Judsons are too fast a lot for him: though what's the harm of a man taking a glass or two of brandy-and-water of an evening with his friends is more than *I* can find out," added mine host musingly.

It was to William Judson the dissenter, who kept himself to himself, that I determined to present myself in the first instance. As a dissenter, he would be likely to have more respect for the memory of the Nonconformist and Wesleyan Haygarths, and to have preserved any traditions relating to them with more fidelity than the Anglican and frivolous members of the Judson family. As an individual who kept himself to himself, he would be unlikely to communicate my business to his kindred.

I lost no time in presenting myself at the house of business in Ferrygate, and after giving the servant George Sheldon's card, and announcing myself as concerned in a matter of business relating to the Haygarth family, I was at once ushered into a prim counting-house, where a dapper little old gentleman in spotless broadcloth, and a cambric cravat and shirtfrill which were soft and snowy as the plumage of the swan, received me with old-fashioned courtesy. I was delighted to find him seventy-five years of age at the most moderate computation, and I should have been all the better pleased if he had been older.

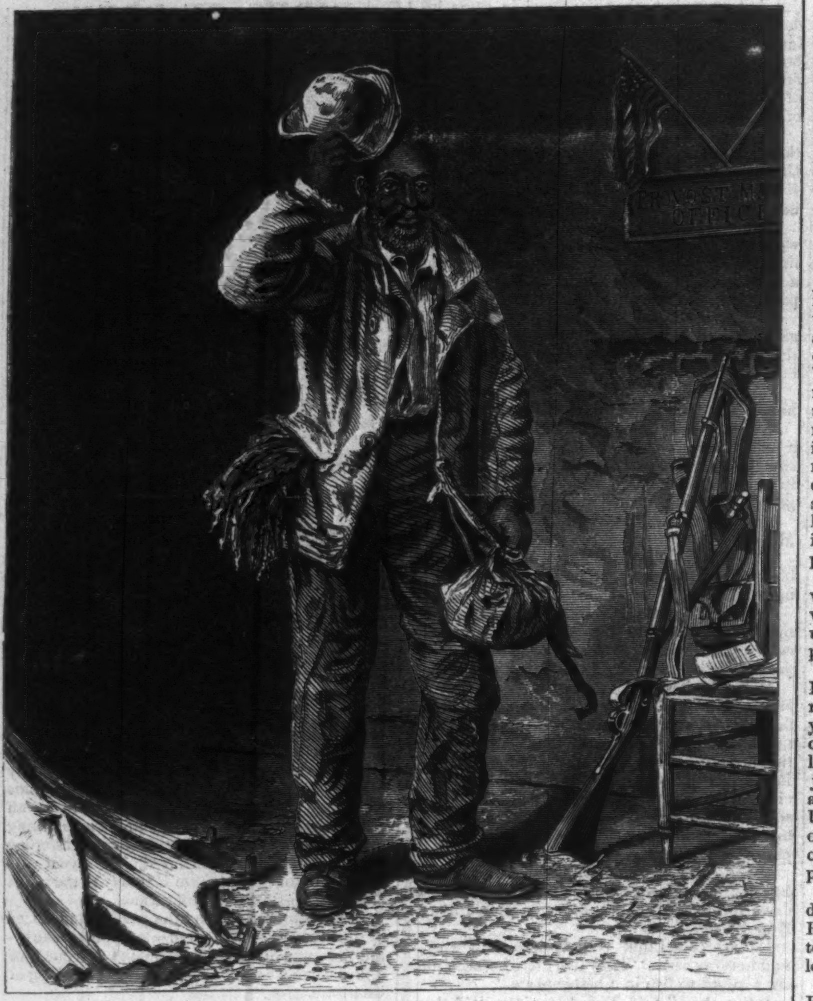
I very quickly discovered that in Mr. Judson the linen-draper I had to deal with a very different person from the Rev. Jonah Goodge. He questioned me closely as to my motive in seeking information on the subject of the departed Haygarth, and I had some compunction in diplomatizing with him as I had diplomatized with Mr. Goodge. To hoodwink the wary Jonah was a triumph, to deceive the confiding linen-draper was a shame. However, as I have before set down, I suppose at the falsest I am not much further from the truth than a barrister or a diplomatist. Mr. Judson accepted my account of myself in all simplicity, and seemed quite pleased to have an opportunity of talking about the Haygarths.

"You are not concerned in the endeavor to assert Theodore Judson's claim to the late John Haygarth's property, eh?" the old man asked me presently, as if struck by a sudden misgiving.

I assured him that Mr. Theodore Judson's interests and mine were in no respect identical.

"I am glad of that," answered the draper; "not that I owe Theodore Judson a grudge, you must understand, though his principles and mine differ very widely. I have been told that he and his son hope to establish a claim to that Haygarth property; but they will never succeed, Sir—they will never succeed. There was a young man who went to India in '41; a scamp and a vagabond, Sir, who was always trying to borrow money, in sums ranging from a hundred pounds, to set him up in business and render him a credit to his family, to a shilling for the payment of a night's lodging or the purchase of a dinner. But that young man was the great-grandson of Ruth Haygarth—the eldest surviving grandson of Ruth Haygarth's eldest son; and if that man is alive, he is rightful heir to John Haygarth's money. Whether he is alive or dead at this present moment is more than I can tell, since he has never been heard of in Ullerton since he left the town; but until Theodore Judson can obtain legal proof of that man's death he has no more chance of getting one sixpence of the Haygarth estate than I have of inheriting the crown of Great Britain."

The old man had worked himself into a little passion before he finished this speech, and I could see that the Theodore Judsons were as unpopular in the draper's counting-house as they were at the Swan Inn.



THE CONTRABAND.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway, from F. W. Wood's Picture.]

"What was this man's Christian name?" I asked.

"Peter. He was called Peter Judson; and was the great-grandson of my grandfather, Joseph Judson, who inhabited this very house, Sir, more than a hundred years ago. Let me see; Peter Judson must have been about five-and-twenty years of age when he left Ullerton; so he is a middle-aged man by this time if he hasn't killed himself, or if the climate hasn't killed him long ago. He went as supercargo to a merchant vessel; he was a clever fellow, and could work hard when it suited him, in spite of his dissipated life. Theodore Judson is a very good lawyer; but though he may bring all his ingenuity to bear, he will never advance a step nearer to the possession of John Haygarth's money till he obtains evidence of Peter Judson's death; and he's afraid to advertise for that evidence for fear he might arouse the attention of other claimants."

Much as I was annoyed to find that there were claimants lying in wait for the Rev. intestate's wealth, I was glad to perceive that Theodore Judson's unpopularity was calculated to render his kindred agreeably disposed to any stranger likely to push that gentleman out of the list of competitors for these great stakes, and I took my cue from this in my interview with the simple old draper.

"I regret that I am not at liberty to state the nature of my business," I said, in a tone that was at once insinuating and confidential; "but I think I may venture to go so far as to say, without breach of trust to my employer, that whoever may ultimately succeed to the Rev. John Haygarth's money, neither Mr. Judson the lawyer nor his son will ever put a finger on a penny of it."

"I am not sorry to hear it," answered Mr. Judson, enraptured; "not that I owe the young man a grudge, you must understand, but because he is particularly undeserving of good fortune. A young man who passes his own kindred in the streets of his native town without the common courtesy due to age or respectability; a young man who sneers at the fortune acquired in an honest and reputable trade; a young man who calls his cousins counter-jumpers, and his aunts and uncles 'swaddlers'—a vulgar term of contempt applied to the earlier members of the Wesleyan confraternity—such a young man is not the individual to impart moral lustre to material wealth, and I am free to confess that I had rather any one else than Theodore Judson should inherit this vast fortune. Why, are you aware, my dear Sir, that he has been seen to drive tandem through this very street, as it is; and I should like to know how many horses he would harness to that gig of his, or how openly he would insult his relatives, if he had a hundred thousand pounds to deal with!"

For a second time Mr. Judson the draper had worked himself into a little passion, and the conversation had to be discontinued for some minutes while he cooled down to his ordinary temperament.

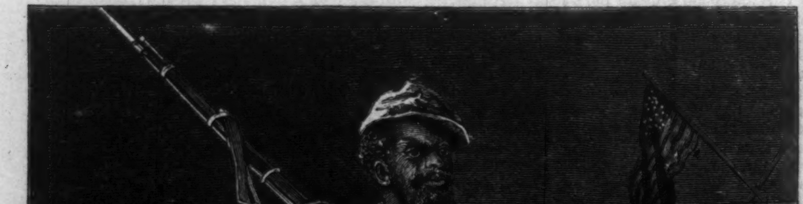
"I'll tell you what I will do for you, Mr.—Mr. Hawkeshell," he said, making a compound of my own and my employer's names—"I will give you a line of introduction to my sister. If any one can help you in hunting up intelligence relating to the past she can. She is two years my junior—seventy-one years of age—but as bright and active as a girl. She has lived all her life in Ullerton, and is a woman who hoards every scrap of paper that comes in her way. If old letters or old newspapers can assist you, she can show you plenty among her stores."

Upon this the old man wrote a note, which he dried with sand out of a perforated bottle, as Richard Steele may have dried one of those airy tender essays which he threw off in tavern parlors for the payment of a jovial dinner.

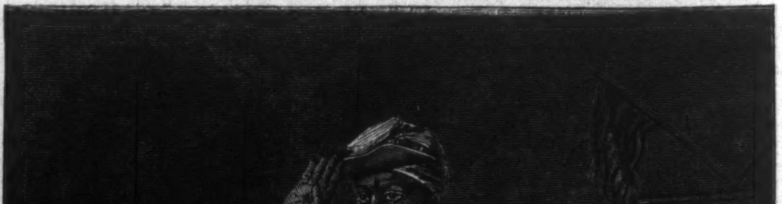
Provided with this antique epistle, written on Bath post, and sealed with a great square seal from a bunch of carnelian monstrosities which the draper carried at his watch-chain, I departed to find Miss Hezekiah Judson, of Lochiel Villa, Lancaster Road.

THE CONTRABAND, RECRUIT, AND VETERAN.

Among the most finished and impressive of the paintings on exhibition at the National Academy are the three which we reproduce on this page, entitled "The Contraband," "The Recruit," and "The Veteran." These admirable works, by T. Waterman Wood, were made from studies in Tennessee during the late war, and tell their own thrilling story.



THE RECRUIT.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway, from F. W. Wood's Picture.]



THE VETERAN.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway, from F. W. Wood's Picture.]

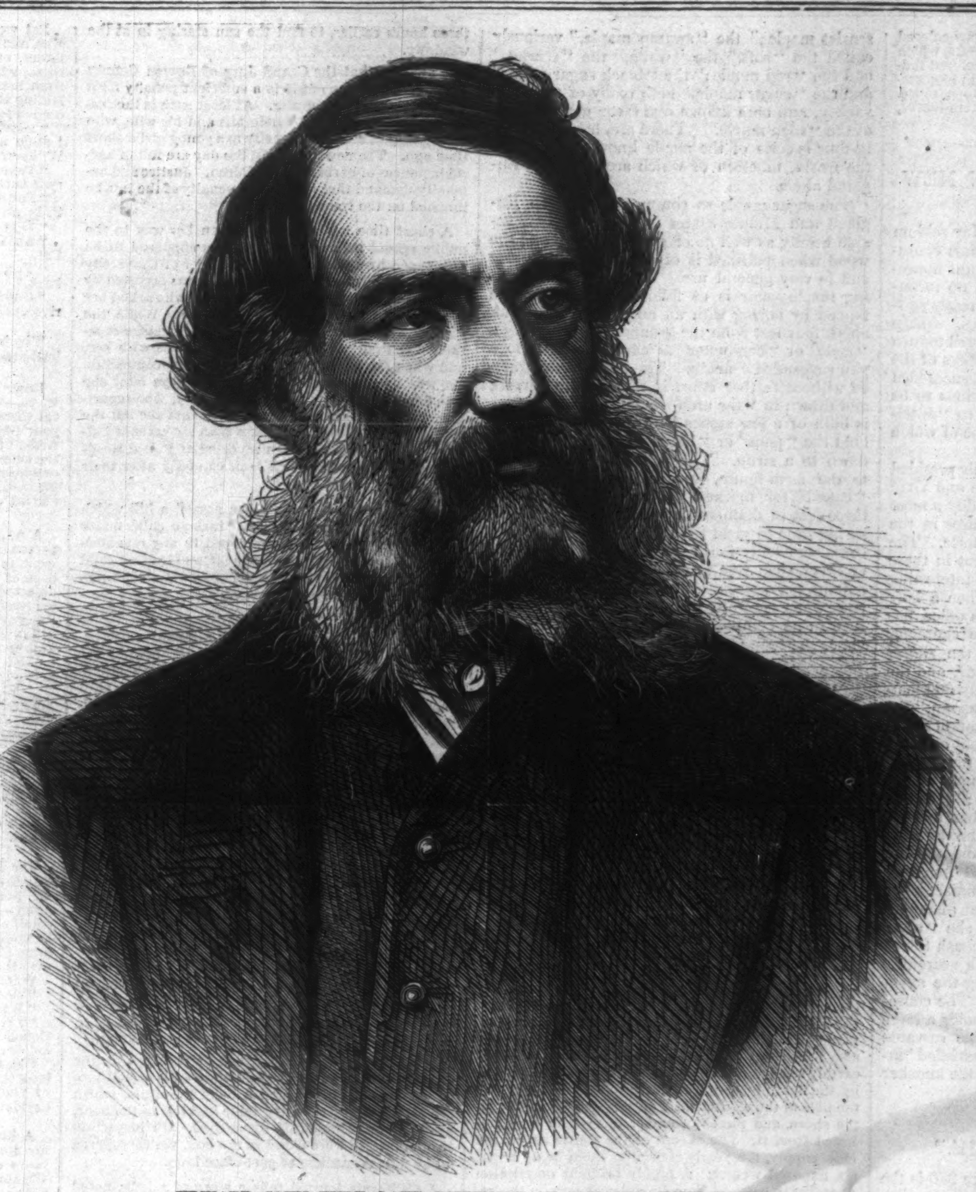
GOVERNOR EYRE.

When the news of the massacre of negroes in Jamaica in 1865 reached England **Goldwin Smith** denounced the governor in charge of that island, **Edward John Eyre**, as having committed such atrocities that it became the duty of the English Government to vindicate its character by his punishment; or the duty of every Englishman who cared for the honor of the nation whose authority he acknowledged to look out for another home; and **John Bright** at the same time asserted in a public speech that Governor **Eyre** ought to be and would be tried for the murder of **Gordon**, the mulatto preacher shot by the British troops. Nevertheless, after preliminary examinations and the usual delays of the law, occupying nearly two years of time, Governor **Eyre** was, on March 29, discharged from further prosecution.

This individual, of whom we give this week a correct likeness, is a native of Yorkshire, England, and is about fifty years of age. He was educated with the poet **Tennyson**, at the Louth Grammar-School. He "left his country for his *own* good" at the age of seventeen, and became a successful sheep-farmer at Sydney, Australia. He became a "resident magistrate" of his district, and, singular to relate, made a reputation as a "protector of the aborigines," actually earning a character as a friend of the blacks. He was not only partial and humane to them as a judge, but as an author, in a published volume called "Discoveries in Central Australia," he plead eloquently for their better treatment by the English Government. He evidently changed his views on emigrating to the West Indies.

His book above alluded to was the result of an expedition, made in 1840, along the west coast of Australia, in the prosecution of which enterprise he walked more than a thousand miles along a dreary, dry, and barren coast. The only fact developed by the expedition was the uselessness and impracticability of the route for naval purposes, which he had examined in the opposite belief.

Mr. **Eyre** returned to England in 1845, and was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, a position which he retained six years. In 1854 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the island of St. Vincent, West Indies. In 1862 he was commissioned Governor of Jamaica. We need not here repeat the history of the events of the last few years in Jamaica, and particularly of the massacre at Morant Bay in October, 1865, or the inquiry set on foot by the English Government. With regard to all these matters the public is well acquainted, and has long since been confirmed in an opinion of Governor **Eyre**'s criminality at variance with that of the court which lately abandoned his prosecution.



EDWARD JOHN EYRE, LATE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

The extreme backwardness of the season in France appears to have checked any thing like a development of spring fashions, the weather being generally too cold and unsettled for warm costumes to be thrown aside. A couple of examples of the warmer styles are given in our engraving. Dresses are now no longer made without plaits; they are either gathered, or else have one very large plait at the back, or one of moderate size, with a smaller plait on each side. The front of the robe is invariably plain. Open sleeves will most likely be very generally worn. It is considered that Lyons embroidered silks are likely to be very fashionable during the coming spring. At present plain silks are much worn, trimmed with narrow biases of satin matching the color of the dress, and placed up the front breadths. The chapeaux which are likely to be worn this spring are even smaller than those of last year. They will be, however, very fully trimmed with flowers or ribbons, and fringed generally round the edges. Narrow ribbons for the trimming of bonnets appear to be coming into vogue, and are even being used for strings.

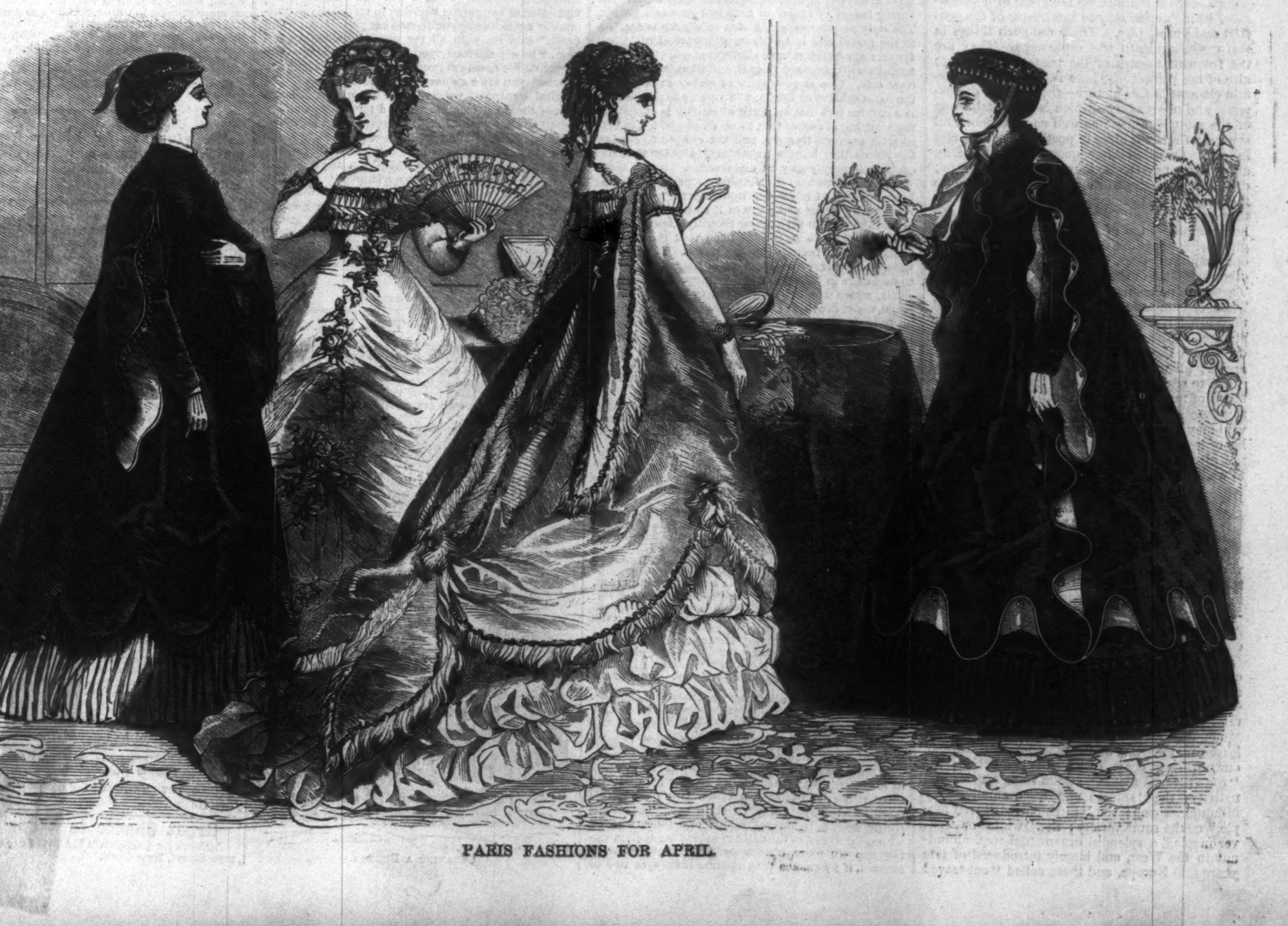
DESCRIPTION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Jupon and corsage in violet cashmere, with a plaited flounce, upward of one foot deep, at the edge of the jupon. The upper jupe is of violet-colored velvet, scolloped at the edge, and trimmed with silk fringe intermixed with beads. The paletot is made straight and with long, hanging open sleeves. The almost tight-fitting sleeves of the corsage are visible under those of the paletot. Tudor-shaped violet velvet hat, encircled with a cord, and with feather on right-hand side.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—Under skirt of green satin, ornamented with three deep puffs of white tulle, through which a green satin ribbon is passed; over these, at equal distances, rose-branches are placed diagonally. The upper jupe is of white tulle, caught up in front by a bouquet of roses; and the waist is encircled with a garland of roses and leaves, one end of which falls down the front of the dress, inclining slightly to the left side. The bodice is low, the bertha being trimmed also with roses, a small bunch of which is fixed on each shoulder. Coiffure is cerise velvet, bordered with pearls, and with a bouquet of roses and leaves on the right side.

Fig. 3. *Ball Dress.*—Upper skirt in green satin, trimmed with a single row of rose-colored coral beads and a fringe of white feathers; the breadths, which are separated at the back and tied, are fastened by a bunch of white feathers, with a bird of paradise in the centre; the robe, which is slightly raised on each side, is supported in the same fashion. The sleeves, which are long, are also of green satin, trimmed with a fringe of feathers and a row of coral to correspond with the jupe. The bodice is likewise in green satin, with chemisette in white muslin. The under jupe is of white muslin, with several broad puffs at the bottom. The head-dress consists of a bird of paradise holding in its beak a garland of green leaves, which encircle the head and fall down over the left shoulder.

Fig. 4. *Walking Dress.*—Under jupe in plain black foulard, trimmed at the bottom with a plaited flounce, forming the rouleaux, and which is edged above and below with two straw-colored cords. The upper jupe



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

is in black foulard dotted over with straw-colored flowers, and cut at each side into round points, which are turned over to show a lining of straw-colored foulard, as well as the large open sleeves made to correspond, and give to this costume a striking appearance. French chapeau of black velvet, with autumn leaves, pearl drops, and straw-colored strings.

INTELLIGENCE-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

THE discomforts of the first of May seldom come more than once a year; the trials consequent on getting and keeping a servant housekeepers have always with them; and no inconsiderable amount of a housekeeper's really serious troubles result from these causes. Sharp and shrewd business men have endeavored to turn an honest penny by relieving housekeepers of the trouble of *hiring* servants, and have succeeded in establishing those singular institutions to be found in all large cities, and known as "Intelligence-Offices," an interior view of one of which we give on page 276.

Each of these institutions is generally presided over by a gentleman of fluent tongue and vivid imagination, who beholds in every Biddy a most refined Hebe, and who lauds her praises in the most convincing of blarney-stone rhetoric. The Hebes themselves are generally present in these offices in full force, and present an interesting if not always an elegant aspect. When a lady in search of a good servant goes to an office, has explained her mission, described the character of servant she wants, and stated the *fullest* amount of wages she is inclined to pay, and the voluble agent has introduced the "tidy and genteel girl that will exactly suit you, ma'am," the lady must go through a cross-examination at the hands of Biddy. She must explain not only the amount of the pay she gives but the number of children she is blessed with; how many of her friends there are "who stay to meals;" the style of the house, "high stoop or English basement;" the number of servants she keeps; the days the servants have "leave;" and a thousand and one inquiries which only a servant could imagine. Then nine times out of ten, having finished her inquiries, the "servant out of place" dismisses the lady with the information that she "niver stops where there are no stationary wash-tubs." Not wishing to undergo another such searching examination, the lady departs, telling the agent to send her a girl to her residence. The consequence is that for a week after she holds a levee at her house for the reception of the servants whom the agent sends "until she is satisfied" indeed, and bolts the door and ties up the knocker or bell in despair.

"FOR THE LAST TIME."

THE picture which we give on page 280 is the most refined work of Miss OSBORN, the English artist, and will attract and interest in spite of its mournful character. A purely painful domestic tragedy or a subject calculated merely to harrow up the feelings of the spectator, or to excite feelings of horror and disgust, should be proscribed as violating æsthetic propriety. But we are not disposed, therefore, to exclude those scenes of pathos, even if founded on the sense of hopelessness, which appeal only to sentiments of the gentlest and purest pity. There are such things in this world as death and orphanage. They are the frequent themes of the poet—and why not also of the painter? There is, moreover, a certain element in this picture—the element of suspense and uncertainty—which is indubitably one of the most legitimate as well as most powerful sources of interest alike in poetry, in fiction, and in art. Question after question involuntarily arises in the mind as we look at these fair sisters, dressed in the deepest mourning, pausing before they enter the chamber-door. Of whom have they been bereaved? The drawn blinds of the house windows tell of one still unburied. The girls, whose eyes are red with weeping, have lost one near and dear. They are unattended by other members of the family in this last sad visit. They have no companion but their faithful dog. These circumstances would seem to indicate that they are left lonely orphans. We still ask the picture, whose lifeless form it is that they will deck with those flowers—the lily, the rose, the azalea; all white, save a few violets; all appropriate to scatter over the dead; all suitable emblems of mortality in their short-lived beauty and fragrance—is it a mother, or is it a sister, or who may it be? Every one who sees it will have his or her interpretation of the picture. We can not attempt to give a more explicit application to what the artist has purposely left indefinite.

SCENE IN A SUGAR BUSH.

WE publish this week an engraving, which, with a brief explanation, will convey a very correct idea of the method of making maple-sugar, in vogue in the New England and Middle States—a process generally familiar, however, to *all* American readers, as the manufacture is carried on in all the States of the Union.

There are ten species of the maple-tree indigenous to the United States, and familiarly known to us as the "moose wood or striped maple"—a beautiful tree, but of stunted growth, and used principally for ornamental purposes; the "mountain maple," a slender shrub; the "large-leaved maple," one of the most graceful trees of our northwest coast, of which it is a native; the "round-leaved maple," of the same species and nativity; the "smooth maple," a small Rocky Mountain shrub; the "three-parted-leaved maple," of the same variety; the "white" or "silver maple," a splendid ornamental tree, abundant in the West, and largely introduced of late years into Europe, and there called "cut-leaved scarlet maple;" the "swamp maple," variously called the "soft," the "white," the "scarlet," and the "red maple;" the "black sugar maple" and the "sugar maple," both really of the same variety, and both known under the general term of the "rock maple." There are, however, thirty-four species of the maple known to exist in the world, nineteen of which are grown in England alone.

The sugar maple so common in the New England and Middle States is a tree of remarkable beauty as well as of great variety; and the wood when polished is of exquisite appearance and in very general use. The process of making maple-sugar is as follows: The trees are tapped by boring with an auger into the trunk about four feet from the ground, and inserting a "spile" or "conductor" to carry the sap into a pail suspended beneath. The fluid thus extracted without further effort is then put in barrels, and drawn to "the arch" or "fire-place," which is built of a few stones laid upon each other to hold the "pans" or "kettles," where it is boiled down to a sirup. Thence it is generally taken to the farm-house, and boiled, cleansed, and "caked" for market. A maple-tree of about three feet in diameter has been known in early spring time to yield twenty gallons of sap in the course of twenty-four hours, but the average yield of every such tree is about eighteen or twenty gallons per season. The sugar of the maple-tree, when carefully made and purified, is identical in its composition with that of the sugar-cane.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is just at present a grand display of amber ornaments in the windows of our fashionable jewelers; and a mere glance at a lady dressed in the "height of fashion" will reveal amber ear-rings, pin, and necklace, amber (colored) gloves, and if the hat and dress are, happily, of some contrasting shade, they will, at least, be trimmed with many rows of amber beads and buttons. Amber is in the ascendant now, though much that passes under its name is merely colored glass.

There are many interesting facts in regard to this peculiar mineral substance, which was anciently regarded by the Greeks and Romans with a certain superstitious veneration in consequence of the supposed obscurity of its origin, and the electrical qualities it exhibited. Now, amber is generally understood to be a fossilized vegetable gum. And in Prussia and in other European countries there are mines where amber-digging is extensively carried on. It is likewise found in some localities in this country. Amber is also fished out of the sea. It is washed out of its earthly repositories beneath the waters, and is caught by the floating sea-weed, which in turn is caught by the nets of the workmen. This sea-weed is spread on the shore, and pieces of amber of various sizes collected from it. The shores of the Baltic afford the chief supply, the yearly collection there being about six hundred weight. A highly brilliant description of amber is brought from Greenland; and on the romantic shores of the Bosphorus the amber-worker plies his trade with great skill. The uses to which amber is put are not very numerous. As a material for art carving nothing can be more beautiful. It is used almost wholly for small ornaments, and for the mouth-pieces of pipes. There are many very fine examples of carving in amber to be found in the royal collections of Europe. But elaborate works of art must always be scarce, owing to the difficulty of procuring lumps of amber of sufficient size and purity. The only purpose to which this substance is applied in the useful arts is in the manufacture of varnishes for carriage-builders and photographers. There is a medicinal oil prepared from it, and what is called *succinic acid.* The largest piece of amber known is in the royal cabinet at Berlin, and weighs 18 pounds. It is a curious fact that so much electricity is excited in the working of amber that those employed are affected with nervous tremors, and are obliged to change the pieces they handle frequently, in order that the excited electricity may be dispersed.

It is suggested that the peculiar property which amber possesses of attracting light objects may be the reason why ladies make use of it so freely. And indeed, from certain revelations recently made, it would appear that there is serious need that the fair sex should add to their attracting power. It has been thought necessary—by somebody—to issue a Directory to bachelors in New York and vicinity. This curious affair, which has been presented to the public as a serial, under the title of "The Great Unwedded," forms an imposing list, and the end is not yet reached. To our feeble understanding such invading of privacy and commenting on personalities as is manifested in this "Directory" seems little short of libelous. We will give a sample, omitting, of course, real names and residences:

William Willis, East Fourteenth Street; fine-looking, fat, fair, and forty, and loves the ladies in general, but none in particular. Worth about $100,000, and is a good mark for masked batteries.

Richard Ricker, Thirty-second Street, aged twenty-four; a good-looking young bach. A great admirer of the fair sex, dresses in the height of fashion, smokes good cigars, and patronizes the Museum; doing a large business, and worth $65,000.

Edward Ellsworth, Washington Place; a handsome young bachelor of twenty-five years. Is a great admirer of the ladies, and can not remain long in the matrimonial market. Appreciates the good things of this world, such as a dinner at Delmonico's, wines, cigars, and the circus. Worth $50,000.

Harry Herbert, tall and slim; the former in person, the latter in pocket. Is good-looking, and is a favorite with both sexes. Is huge on the dance, and is in demand in the "German." Is not descended from the Bourbon race, though often "races for Bourbon."

Philip Phelps; a young bachelor of twenty-six years. Sports a fine sandy mustache, and plays the violin splendidly. Has a country residence. Income, $7000 per year, with good expectations. Fond of the girls.

Francis Foster, South Street; a whole-souled, good-looking little fellow, aged thirty-three years. Insane on the subject of ladies. Worth $75,000.

The weather is beginning to assume a more definite and reliable character. How far this is due to the wise daily prognostications of one of our city journals to the effect that "it will either rain or snow within three and one-quarter days from two o'clock this morning" we will not pretend to say. The bright spring mornings are charming; and those who all winter have been in the habit of extending their morning nap till eight o'clock or thereabout would be amazed, if by chance they opened their eyes two or three hours earlier, to find the sun staring in at the windows.

It appears that the Grand Jury of Bergen County consider that a fine of $75 is a sufficient penalty for a crime little short of murder. At least such is the *justice* dealt out to the Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife, who were guilty of atrocious cruelty to a young girl a short time ago. The newspapers of the day are full of horrid instances of barbarity to children. Justice and humanity demand that the utmost penalty of the law be inflicted on the transgressors.

A short time ago a young girl on her way to the public school in Twelfth Street was supposed to be kidnapped by a woman near the corner of University Place and Eleventh Street. The girl was accosted by a well-dressed lady, to all appearances, who asked her if she would not like to learn a trade. While the strange woman was speaking to the girl a stage separated her from another little girl who was with her, and when the latter turned round for her companion she was nowhere to be seen. A few days later she was found in a family outside of the city, who reported her to the police. The girl stated that she left the city voluntarily; still, as no less than six cases of kidnapping have recently been reported at Police Headquarters, parents may well look carefully after their children.

The Massachusetts Senate has passed a bill which provides, among other things, "that no child under ten years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing or mechanical establishment, and that no child under fifteen shall be employed more than sixty hours a week." Ten hours a day is certainly enough for a child to work.

About the middle of next week a fearful epoch occurs. No pleasant associations cluster around the First of May, as viewed from a New York standpoint. Instead of twining garlands, fragrant blossoms, pretty May Queens, and troops of merry children, are visions of broken china, battered furniture, begrimed urchins, and dirty houses. Of course it is expected that it will rain; every body is cross; every body tries to look after Number One, and general discomfort prevails. It is a blessing that the First of May comes but once a year.

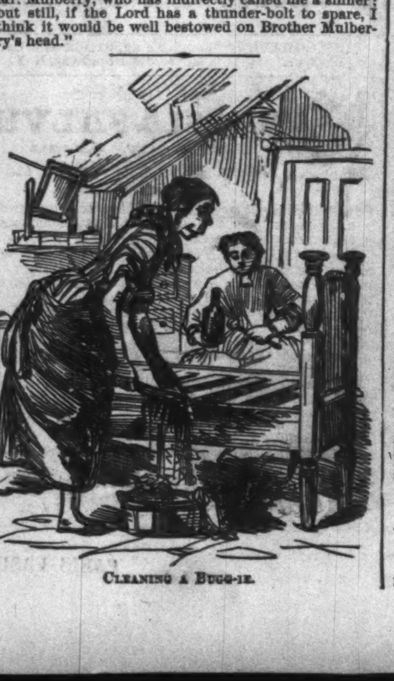
The very mention of hydrophobia sends a thrill of shuddering horror through every nerve. Physicians are uncertain how to treat the disease, and the bite of a rabid animal seems like a death warrant. If any reliable remedy exists it should be published far and wide. It is stated that a young lady living in Hamilton County, Indiana, endured for several days the most horrible sufferings from hydrophobia. Her physician employed bromide of potassium, and she gradually became more tranquil, and is now reported to be convalescent.

A singular instance recently occurred in the post-office at Virginia City, Nevada. The clerks came across a suspicious-looking box, partly open, in the mail matter, and one of them thrust his pencil into it, whereupon out jumped a huge tarantula, which ran across the distributing table and fell to the floor, where it was summarily dispatched. On inspection two tarantulas were found in the box, which suffered a like fate, regardless of post-office laws.

A California journal tells a story of a lady, noted for her beauty of complexion, who a few weeks since noticed the sudden appearance of great numbers of pimples, like groups of little volcanoes, which threatened to cover her beautiful neck and arms with pathological arabesques. A medicated bath was ordered by her physician. Scarcely, however, had the sulphurous wave enveloped her form ere, from head to foot, the delicate white of her person was changed to Ethiopian bronze. Fearful lest the sudden transformation of her person was due to attack of the cholera, she again hastily summoned her physician. "Madame," said he, with all the gravity he could summon, "be not alarmed; you are not ill; you are only a remarkable chemical product. You are no longer a woman; you are a *sulphuret.* It is not a question of medical treatment which I have in my hand, but a simple chemical reaction which I must bring about. I shall analyze you. I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid, diluted with water. The acid will have the pleasure to combine with you—will take up the metal and sulphur with which you are so plentifully covered, and will produce a sulphate. We shall then find, as a precipitate, a very pretty woman." *Moral.*—Never use a powder which has a metallic base. *Moral No.* 2.—Use exercise and fresh air instead of any kind of powder—except "yeast powder," which, in a combined state, may be applied internally: and gunpowder, which, if you are "strong minded," may afford amusement.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MR. STIGGINS'S CODE.—"I am a charitable man, and think every one entitled to his opinion; and never have selfish malice against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me a sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunder-bolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed on Brother Mulberry's head."



CLEANING A BUGG-IE.

Pat went to the house of the priest to confess his sins, and passed into the kitchen to ask for the holy father, but perceiving that there was no one in the room, while a fine ham was lying on the table fresh from market, Pat lost no time in securing the prize. Hiding it as well as he could under his coat, he proceeded to the apartment of the priest, and said:

"Here, your riverence, is a fine leg of bacon which I stole and brought as a present to your holiness. Will you take it?"

"Take it!" said the confessor, "by no means. Carry it back instantly."

"Faith an' I did, Sir, and he said he wouldn't take it, by no means."

"Very well then, Patrick, you may keep it."

"An' I'll be absolved, your riverence?" demanded Pat.

"Yes, it is yours, if the owner will not take it back."

"Good-morning; God bless ye; long life to your riverence."

Why is a shirt-front like a bridge?—Because it looks best-arched.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS FOR EVERY BODY AND ALWAYS.—Cultivate acquaintance, if desirable; if not, cut them. Never sow the seeds of dissension. Weed your library. Get as much heart's-ease as you can. Attend to wall-flowers and trim coxcombs. Emulate the cucumber—be cool. Don't peach. Avoid flowers of speech. "Bedding-out" is good for plants, but not for friends. Take the advice of the sage, or you may rue the consequence.

A waggish journalist, who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: "I went to a drug-store early the other morning for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The night clerk objected to giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I meant to destroy myself. "Pshaw!" said I, "do I look like a man who would kill himself?" Gazing at me steadily for half a minute, he replied, 'I don't know. Seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.'"

THE MILKMAN'S PARADISE.—Chalk Farm.

"Well, wasn't that a finished sermon we had this morning?" asked one person of another as they came out of church. "Finished!" was the reply; "yes, it was finished at last, although I began to think it never would be."

THE ONE THING NOT WANTED IN IRELAND.—New blood.

The English are famous betters. A French paper (the French are always poking fun at John Bull) gives the following singular bet at Brighton between Sir John —— and Lord Ch——. The first, who is a very small man, bet the other, who is a tun of a man, that he could carry him twice around the hippodrome. A large number of ladies and gentlemen attended to witness the proceeding.

When the giant and pigmy met the latter said:

"Now, my Lord, I am ready. Take off your clothes."

"What! strip myself? You don't mean it?"

"I bet to carry *you*, but not a particle of your clothes. Come, let's proceed. It won't do to disappoint these ladies and gentlemen."

But my Lord was inflexible. He blushed at the bare thought of showing himself in the thin costume of Venus emerging from the waves. So the referee decided that Sir John —— had won the bet.

A little girl of three years was saying her prayers, not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head, she paused and said: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Herby."

The young woman who was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

The greatest bet ever made—The Alphabet.

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said when he was leaving, "Tak gude care o' yoursel' when ye are awa'; for mind ye, they eat puppies in Chena!"

GOOD FOR DISLOCATED LIMBS—Bone-set tea.

"REMARKABLE for delicacy, freshness, and purity."—BURNETT'S unrivaled Cologne Water, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Diagnosis.

Every case of disease presents to the physician two grand problems to be solved: First, to discover its nature, and second, to devise its cure. The department of medicine which relates to the former is called Diagnosis, and implies a knowledge of differences. This knowledge lies at the very foundation of the practice of medicine, as it implies not only the ability to discriminate between diseases presenting somewhat similar symptoms, but in addition to apply the proper remedies for their effectual cure. This ability presupposes such a critical knowledge of the various offices performed by the human organs, and their diseases, as can only be obtained by making them the subjects of repeated, long-continued, and accurate observation. We claim that the title "Diagnostician," *par excellence*, is justly due to the renowned Dr. McLane, whose researches in reference to the cause, nature, symptoms, and treatment of LIVER COMPLAINT led him to present to the world an entirely safe and certainly efficacious remedy, under the name of

Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills.

Years of constant and unvarying success in every portion of the known world establishes this great specific as being eminently adapted to drive out disease, and restore the entire system to its wonted healthful action. The most scrupulous will be convinced by trial that our statements convey *only the truth.*

☞ Be careful to procure Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED PILLS, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. They are now to be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of
[15.] FLEMING BROS.

Great Chance to Make Money.

Address for particulars HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, New York.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

Established 1861.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of The Great American Tea Company became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Order.

Oxford, Chenango County, N. Y., *February* 21, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

Gents,—The Teas which you sent me proved perfectly satisfactory to all concerned. Please accept my thanks for the complimentary package.

Yours truly, Davy D. McGeorge.

1 lb. Young Hyson..M. C. Ward........at	$1 00..	$1 00
1½ lbs. Imperial..John Lord............at	1 25..	1 50
2 lbs. French Bkft. Coffee..John Lord..at	30..	60
3 lbs. Oolong..C. M. Hains.............at	1 00..	3 00
3 lbs. Mixed..C. M. Hains.............at	1 00..	3 00
1 lb. Oolong..Solomon Morey..........at	1 00..	1 00
1 lb. Gunpowder..John Gordon........at	1 50..	1 50
2 lbs. Imperial..John Gordon..........at	1 25..	2 50
5 lbs. Imperial..William Doty..........at	1 25..	6 25
1 lb. Uncol'd Japan..Lewis Ketchem...at	1 00..	1 00
Carried up........................		$21 35
Brought up........................		$21 35
1 lb. Young Hyson..Lewis Ketchem...at	1 25..	1 25
2 lbs. Young Hyson..F. T. Seely........at	1 25..	2 50
3 lbs. Oolong..Samuel Kinney..........at	1 00..	3 00
1 lb. Green..Daniel Jacobs..............at	1 00..	1 00
2 lbs. Oolong..Chaney Hains...........at	1 00..	2 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson..Chaney Hains....at	1 00..	2 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson..F. W. Comstock..at	1 25..	2 50
2 lbs. Imperial..Martin Bartle..........at	1 25..	2 50
2 lbs. Oolong..D. D. McGeorge.........at	1 00..	2 00
Total............................		$40 10

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—*large double store.*

PAINTS FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.—The Grafton Mineral Paint Company are now manufacturing the best, cheapest, and most durable paint in use. Two coats well put on, mixed with pure linseed oil, will last 10 or 15 years. It is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive, or cream, to suit the taste of the consumer. It is valuable for houses, barns, fences, carriage and car-makers, pails and wooden ware, agricultural implements, canal boats, vessels and ships' bottoms, canvas, metal and shingle roofs (it being fire and water proof), floor oil-cloth manufacturers (one manufacturer having used in the past year 2000 bbls.), and as a paint is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity, and adhesiveness. Send for a circular, which gives particulars. Price 2 cents per lb. or $6 per bbl. of 300 lbs, which will supply a farmer for years to come. None genuine unless branded in the trade-mark Grafton Mineral Paint Work. Address DANIEL BIDWELL, No. 254 Pearl Street, New York.

THE SILVER CHAIN SKIRT—combining all the best qualities of the best skirts, with other essential advantages, more durable, more cleanly, more pliable, and not liable to get out of order. Sold by all first-class dealers.

LADIES will FIND the ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL most interesting. There are "SIGNS OF CHARACTER" in the talk, walk, voice, hair, eyes, ears, chin, nose, lips, teeth, hands, skin, hand-writing, illustrated and explained. Is exactly adapted to the Social Circle, and all the members will enjoy it. Only 30 cents a number, or $3 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Every Thing, Sample and Catalogue, 25 cts. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway. N. Y.

REDDING'S

RUSSIA SALVE

IS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR

Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, and all Flesh Wounds.

Established 1806.

For Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Piles, and Old Scrofulous Sores; Eruptions, Blotches, Salt Rheum, and all Cutaneous Diseases.

The RUSSIA SALVE is a *purely vegetable ointment*, made from the very best materials, and combines in itself greater healing powers than any other preparation before the public. Its timely application has been the means of saving thousands of valuable lives and of relieving a vast amount of suffering.

Fifty years' general use of the Russia Salve is a noble guarantee of its incomparable virtues as a healing ointment.

For sale by all Druggists and Apothecaries.
REDDING & CO., Proprietors,
Boston, Mass.

THE NEW KNIFE. Boardman's Cast-Handled Kitchen Knife is pronounced the best thing yet. Samples sent, postage paid, for 40c. Boardman Cutlery Co., New Haven, Ct. Ag'ts wanted every where.

BOXING and Self-Defense made Easy, 15 cents.
W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, New York.

TENNESSEE Swamp Shrub Balsam, for improving the Beard and Mustache. For history, testimonials, and *Sample*, address John Rawlins, Box 5974, N.Y.

Relief in Five Minutes
Gilbert's Patent
Pile-
Instrument!
575 Broadway, N.Y.

SURE PILE CURE.

Dr. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, Manager,
575 Broadway, New York.

READ!

West Winfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—Dear Sir: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, Nathaniel Tompkins.

171 Water Street, Greenpoint, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint.

Abraham Myers.

24 South Ninth Street, Williamsburg, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. Corwin.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., Wm. E. Chapin, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

Cincinnati, *November* 1, 1866.—Mr. J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, Griffin Taylor, M.D.

Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry, New York, *April* 20, 1866.

Dr. Gilbert,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, Benjamin Demilt, Ferry Master.

De Camp Hospital, N.Y.H., David's Island, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, Lewis Graves, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

BLOOD'S
PATENT
CLOTH STUCK
HELIX
NEEDLES

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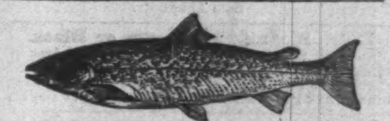

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